

# THE LONDON LITERARY GAZETTE, AND Journal of Belles Lettres, Arts, Sciences, etc.

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## REVIEW OF NEW BOOKS.

*A Narrative of the Shipwreck of the Oswego, on the Coast of South Barbary, and of the sufferings of the Master and the Crew while in Bondage among the Arabs; &c. &c.* By Judah Paddock, her late Master. London 1818. 4to. pp. 372.

This work may be reckoned the counterpart to the interesting narrative of Riley, which excited so much public sympathy. In a similar manner was the writer a prisoner to the Arabs, and in like manner redeemed from their barbarous hands. His captivity was, however, short, and we shall be enabled to present our readers with its most memorable circumstances within a moderate compass. We shall not dwell on the early events which led to the catastrophe, but, merely condensing them so as to render the sequel intelligible, proceed as rapidly as we can to what possesses the greatest novelty and attraction:—

Early in the year 1800, the *Oswego*, a trading vessel of 260 tons burthen, Judah Paddock, a Quaker, Master, arrived at Cork from New York. Her crew consisted of thirteen individuals, of whom two were Swedes, two Danes, two Negroes, and two boys, one of whom was nephew to the Master. At Cork, Friend Paddock was induced to receive an Irishman, named Pat, on board as cook; and this person being of drunken, profligate habits, was afterward the cause of much misfortune to all the rest. They sailed for the Cape de Verd Islands on a trading speculation; by an error in reckoning missed the Island of Madeira; and on the 3d of April were stranded on the coast of Barbary, apparently about 200 miles to the southward of Santa Cruz.

There seems to have been little subordination among the crew after this accident. They insisted on leaving the wreck, where their commander wished them to remain and fit the boat for an escape from that disastrous shore. They, however, persisted in landing; and soon, amid the desolation of sand-hills, without vegetation, found cause to lament their obstinacy. The boat was rendered useless in transporting them ashore. With much difficulty they accomplished a communication with the vessel, and procured from her 40 lbs. of bread, a small quantity of potatoes, a bag of Indian corn, clothes, beds, a spare foresail for a tent, a case of spirits, and some wine and porter in a hamper. Thus supplied, they set to

work to repair their boat; and, meanwhile, dispatched one man to the eastward, and another to the west along the coast, to endeavour to ascertain, if possible, whereabouts and in what sort of country they were. The latter returned speedily with most fearful tidings, that he had seen about 12 miles off a heap of human bones, near a fire which had not been extinguished above a few days, and was convinced they were in a land of cannibals. Luckily he told this adventure first to the Master, who had gone to meet him, and he prevailed on him not to mention it to the others, to dishearten them. The man sent towards the east, lost his way in the mountains, and did not get back till the following day, when they were all in great uneasiness about him. But in the meantime an incident took place which led to an entire change of purpose. Pat, and one of the Danes, who was as much addicted to tippling as himself, being unfortunately together upon watch, they made free with the spirits, and fell asleep through drunkenness. This was discovered when their companions awoke in the morning; and, what was much more afflicting, it was discovered by the traces and footmarks left, that during their insensibility, two natives (accompanied by a dog) had walked round and reconnoitred the party. The Captain upon this poured out all the liquor and wine upon the sand—a measure, we think, of little wisdom, since a moderate distribution of either among the steadiest might have been a medicine and support in the hour of trial.

Dreading the appearance of the natives in force, the idea of finishing the repairs of the boat was now abandoned, and the crew resolved on marching along shore in the hope of reaching *Santa Cruz*, which they supposed to be about 180 miles distant. Each man then took five bottles of water and twenty biscuits, and, thus slenderly provided, began their sorrowful route. The Master had an umbrella, spy-glass, and about the value of 600 dollars in gold, being part of a sum of money of double that amount, which he had concealed in a cask of salted meat when he sailed from Cork. Pat and the Dane contrived to smuggle a bottle of gin, and pass it for water, which, like their preceding intoxication, was the cause of much evil.

Agreeing in case of separation or capture to call themselves English, they turned their faces to the South-east, and journeyed onward; having first buried all their arms, a course, we presume, not very likely to have been pursued by fourteen persons of the nation whose name they thought it advisable to adopt. It is true that the sight of arms might have provoked any large number of natives to destroy them, but it is equally clear that fourteen well armed men

could defend themselves against a small number; but the pacific tenets of Friend Paddock prevailed.

At the close of the first evening they rested in a cave by the sea-side, having, during the day, crossed the track of many travellers. On the 7th, they resumed their toilsome progress, and met with one of those illusions so frequent in torrid climates. A pond was seen, but on approaching the grateful beverage it was supposed to contain, it was found to be a formation of pure salt.

The disappointed wanderers went on, and not long after a town appeared before them at a distance of not more than a quarter of a mile. The Master caused the men to stop, and advanced alone. He reached a cluster of houses, from twenty to thirty in number, and from ten to twenty feet square, without roofs, each having a door-way on the south side, indifferently well built without mortar. On a signal, the men came up. They walked about the buildings, conjecturing what they were; when they discovered, on the north side of the northernmost house, several casks, of about 100 gallons, with one head out. From their appearance they took them to have been French brandy casks. The wooden hoops were mostly left on them, but the iron ones were all gone. In one of them there was a large quantity of human hair. Upon looking into that cask, one of the men exclaimed, "O my God! we are in a savage inhospitable land; these poor fellows who were lately here have been murdered."

Their lot was however cast, and they had only to submit. They coincided in opinion that these cabins had been erected by a shipwrecked company, for their preservation, but who had been destroyed by the savages. This was confirmed by a pile of human bones about fifty yards from the place.

As they were on the margin of a fine bay, they took the opportunity of refreshing themselves by bathing, and then proceeded on their way. At night they bivouacked at the foot of a rock, surrounded by wild beasts, which they took for hyænas, and not daring to resort to the usual expedient to keep them off, that of lighting fires, lest the glare should betray them to the more savage inhabitants. They computed that they were now fifty miles from the ship.

Again it happened that Pat and the Dane were on guard, an association which common prudence ought to have forbid, and their stolen gin being produced, again they got drunk, and their quarrel about water to relieve their thirst, brought the rest to witness this anti-social and scandalous crime. Poor Pat was the drunkest of the two, and so great was the exasperation against him, that he would have been put to death, but

for the merciful interference of the Captain. As it was, they marched on, leaving the wretch destitute of every thing, to perish, (not the first by many thousands) a martyr to his favourite gin. They had not gone very far, however, with this cruel resolution, when Mr. Paddock prevailed on them to allow the offender to be brought up from the rear; though it must be confessed, Pat had recorded few claims to compassion, in his private history of himself, which was that he had been leader of a band of rebels at Wexford, and murdered men, women, and children. Ten to one if a word of this was true, but Pat, like others we have met with, would be a great man some way or other in his own tale.

When by calculation about 55 miles from the vessel, the men once more consulted together, and came to the insane and fatal determination to measure back their steps. Nothing that their Commander could urge had any effect in dissuading them from this suicidal design: they preferred the danger of returning to the spot where most probably a host of enemies were collected for plunder, to continuing their march over burning deserts, environed with fears, and uncertain of the issue. Unable to sway them by his counsel, the Captain declared that he would proceed onward, though left alone. This he had almost done, but the two black men adhered to him, and, finally, the disgraced and guilty Pat was taken into their party to prevent his being ill treated and perhaps put to death by the others. These four took a sad farewell of their ten companions, and, on a signal, (so overpowered were they all with emotion) started forward, while the larger division retraced their weary way.

This was nearly the end of the drama played by themselves. The very next morning the Captain and his comrades were encountered by seven Arabs, belonging to a mountain tribe about four days journey from Mogadore. These barbarians rushed upon their prey with drawn daggers, threw them down, and seemed to be murdering each, when in fact they were employed in cutting away their knapsacks, and rifling them of every thing about their persons. The Captain was the last exposed to this inhospitable treatment; his spy-glass being mistaken for arms, which rendered these savages more cautious. At length, however, they sprung upon him like tigers, and soon stripped him of his watch, gold, and other property. This done, and the spoil almost fought for in the struggle of appropriation, these religious robbers faced eastward, fell on their knees, and took up sand in their hands as if it were water, and washed themselves with it—hands, arms, face, neck, &c. They next fell prostrate, with their faces on the ground; thence rose upon their knees, and said over many words, which, from their looks and gestures, appeared to be prayers, or a sort of *te deum* for their booty. This ceremony lasted nearly half an hour, and the narrative proceeds to tell the result in a manner which, as we have a marvellous story of our own in

this Number (see "Celestial Apparition," we shall not father even to the extent of abridging it. The following are Mr. Paddock's own words:—

"When this was over, they took each his gun, and sat down about twenty paces from us, where they re-primed their guns and rubbed the hammers and flints. What could be our feelings, when, after that was over, they came up to us, and made us kneel down, with our faces towards them! Instantaneous death we thought would follow. Sam called out, 'We are to be shot!' and he wept aloud. Before this we had all been silent. As to myself, I thought that, from every appearance, the hour had come for our souls to take their flight to the invisible world; and I prayed most fervently to our blessed Redeemer for our souls' salvation. At that moment there appeared before my eyes a sign, which I forbear to name, lest it should occasion some unpleasant comments from the incredulous. However, the effect of it was, that my fears of death instantly subsided."

We will not impeach Mr. Paddock's general credibility on this basis: the agitation and dread of such a moment may well account for some feeling and belief of supernatural interposition, without the person's being liable to the imputation of wilful falsehood. With this remark we resume our condensation of the narrative.

The ferocious Arabs forced their miserable prisoners to turn back, and by dint of blows and stripes compelled them to surmount the horrors of thirst, and all the overwhelming distresses of their burning way. They were interrogated as far as signs could go, and with little reserve, and we rather think ungenerously, gave all the information in their power respecting their companions. This intelligence spurred the Banditti on, and they speedily overtook six more of the hapless crew of the *Oswego*. These were stripped with the same inhuman violence as had been practised on the first party, and added to the band of prisoners. In describing the number of his companions, Captain Paddock had designated ten, meaning ten besides himself, the negroes, and Pat; but the Arabs understood him ten in all, and were now satisfied that they had captured the whole. They thereupon thought of dividing their prisoners,—a difficult task, since ten were to be allotted among seven. With much contention, the Chief and his son (a youth of 17 or 18) obtained three, Captain Paddock and Jack the black fell to the share of the worst Arab of the gang, and the rest had each one. Thus disposed of, they travelled, suffering every misery, till they arrived at the shore on which the vessel lay. Here about 250 of the natives had collected, men, women, and children, and nothing but furious contests for plunder, and confusion prevailed. The four mariners yet unaccounted for, made their appearance in the midst of this scramble, in which blood was

shed, and were immediately seized by the multitude. Their destiny was thus separated from that of the ten belonging to the seven Arabs; and after only one half hour's mournful communion, the latter were once more put upon their march, leaving their messmates in the gripe of the crowd, who were breaking up the *Oswego*.

Their adventures on this expedition; their infernal treatment, and observations, we must defer till our next.

*ST. PETER'S COMPLAINT, and other Poems, by the Rev. Robert Southwell. Reprinted from the edition of 1595, with important additions from an original MS. And a Sketch of the Author's Life. By W. Jos. Walter, &c. &c. London 1817-18, 12mo. pp. 128.*

In an age so eminently poetical as the present, it is not extraordinary that the treasures of the Elizabethan era should have been diligently explored, and returned to day from the dusty oblivion which time had thrown over them. Many of the gems of that rich mine are still comparatively buried, and will amply reward the pleasant toil of restoring them to public admiration.

In reviving the poems of Southwell, Mr. Walter has performed one of these delightful tasks; for among the Bards of that brilliant reign he shone with no inferior lustre. With much of the general character of the period, fully participating in its peculiarities, often led away by antithesis, and sometimes conceited in the choice of words, there is an overflowing of mind, a richness of imagination, and a felicity of versification in this author, which eminently entitle his productions to the regard of after times. His melancholy life and dreadful fate, too, would spread a deep interest over his works, even were they in themselves destitute of it, which is very far from being the case. Poor Southwell was cast on a stormy epoch, when neither high birth, nor merit, nor innocence, sufficed to save the victims of political and religious contentions. He was of a good family in Norfolk, educated at Doway, and at sixteen entered into the society of Jesuits at Rome. In 1584 he came as a missionary into England, became domestic chaplain to Anne Countess of Arundel, in which situation he remained till 1592, when, in consequence of some of the violent re-actions of that time, he was apprehended at Uxenden in Middlesex, and sent a prisoner to the Tower. Here he was confined three years, during which, says Mr. Walter,

He was cruelly racked ten times, with a view to extort from him a disclosure of

certain supposed conspiracies against the government. At the end of this period, he sent an epistle to Cecil, the Lord Treasurer, humbly entreating his Lordship, that he might either be brought upon his trial, to answer for himself, or, at least, that his friends might have leave to come and see him. The Treasurer answered, "that if he was in such haste to be hanged, he should quickly have his desire."

Shortly after, he was removed to Newgate, tried at Westminster for remaining in England contrary to the statute, convicted, and condemned to death; which sentence was executed at Tyburn on the 21st of February 1595; when the unhappy sufferer was only in his 35th year.

Most unfeignedly do we, in common with every friend of humanity, lament the streams of blood which, in those days of barbarity, were poured out at the stake and on the scaffold, as Catholic or Protestant acquired the ascendancy. But ours is the regret of philanthropy, not of bigotry or partisanship; and we must say, that we think it a great blemish in Mr. Walter's portion of this publication, that he suffers so much of the zealot to appear. His biography of the English Jesuit, as the unfortunate Southwell was called, is sadly discoloured by strong feelings of Catholicism. It is the legend of a martyrdom, and not the sober narrative of common sense and truth. But what we thus condemn, the Editor probably considers a merit, for, both in a prefatory note and a postscript, he makes a parade about "the Catholic printers of the present volume," the religion of the printers being, in our opinion, not so material to have known as their skill in typography. Indeed it seems very absurd to mix up one's articles of faith with a work of literature. Southwell appears in his poetry to be only an amiable and a good Christian—there is not one verse to tell us he was a Catholic or a Jesuit; and it would have been better had his Editor been similarly abstinent. But having no other fault to find with him, we shall not press our censure: we trust he will ever hereafter in his literary labours feel that polemics are much to be avoided, and that silence is at least a prudent substitute for liberality. To return to the Bard.

The *Censura Literaria* laments that neither Southwell's simple strains in prose, nor his polished metre, should have obtained a collected edition of his works for general readers. "The Triumphs over Death" is the only part of his writings which has been reprinted; which was done by Sir Egerton Brydges

in 1816;—and Mr. Ellis, in his "Specimens of Early English Poetry," has inserted four pieces ascribed to him, which no lover of the muse could read without longing earnestly for the perusal of all the rest. Mr. Ellis further observes, that "his poems are far from deserving the neglect which they have experienced: and it is remarkable, that the few copies of his works which are now known to exist, are the remnant of at least twenty-four different editions, of which eleven were printed between 1593 and 1600." This is a strong proof of his popularity. Dr. Headley intended to have re-edited Southwell's poems: and, in short, there is no testimony of value in the republic of letters which might not be adduced in favour of that design. Mr. Walter had, therefore, no lack of encouragement, and we are no prophets if the success of his undertaking do not confirm the soundness of its motives.

In the principal poem, St. Peter's Complaint, he has followed the edition printed separately in 1595; and in the other poems the St. Omer edition of 1620, entitled "*Selected and Devout Poems, by Father Southwell*."—We have no doubt but Mr. Walter has good reasons for preferring this edition, though printed in a foreign country, and therefore not so likely to be correct; but, not being aware what these reasons are, we would beg him to re-consider them against the appearance of his second edition, since it is obvious that being "*selected*," and that too by a religious fraternity, many beautiful works of the author may have been omitted. In point of fact, several exquisite poems are omitted, which are to be found in the "*Mœonie*," 4to. 1595, which Mr. Walter includes in his "accurate list" of Southwell's works (page xxiii.) With that enthusiasm which he feels for his original, we are sure the Editor would not lose one leaf of his poetic crown.

St. Peter's Complaint is a perfect exemplification of the characteristics we have ascribed to the poetry of the age of Elizabeth. Replete with thought, redundant in images, antithetical, and stained with a few conceits, it is altogether an admirable composition. The entire theme is occupied with the self-accusations and contrite mourning of Peter for the crime of having denied his Master. We shall select a few passages.

How can I live, that thus my life denied?  
What can I hope, that lost my hope in fear?  
What trust in one, that truth itself defied?  
What good in him, that did his God forswear?  
O sin of sins, of ills the very worst:  
O matchless wretch—O calf! most accurst!

Vain in my vanities, I vow'd, if friends had fail'd  
Alone Christ's hardest fortunes to abide:  
Giant in talk, like dwarf in trial quell'd;  
Excelling none—but in untruth and pride.  
Such distance is between high words and deeds!  
In proof the greatest vaunter seldom speeds.

He then charges himself with having been seduced by a love of life, and thus apostrophizes:

Ah life, sweet drop, drown'd in a sea of sorrows,  
A flying good, posting to doubtful end;  
Still losing months and years to gain new hours,  
Fain, time to have and spare, yet forc'd to spend.  
Thy growth, decrease; a moment, all thou hast,  
That's gone ere known; the rest, to come, or past.

Ah Life, the labyrinth of countless ways,  
Open to erring steps, and strew'd with baits  
To wind weak senses into endless strays,  
Aloof from Virtue's rough, unbeaten straits.  
A flower, a play, a blast, a shade, a dream,  
A living death—a never-turning stream.

Sin is equally well portrayed.

Ah sin, the nothing that doth all things fill;  
Outcast from heaven, earth's curse, the cause  
Of hell;  
Parent of death, author of our exile;  
The wreck of souls, the wares that fiends do sell;  
Wrong of all rights, self-ruin, root of evils;  
That men to monsters, angels turns to devils.

In the next verse the author falls into one of those riddling conceits which few could resist in the fifteenth century; he says of sin—

A thing most done,—yet more than God can do—  
There is as much beauty as mannerism  
in the following lament:

My eye reads mournful lessons to my heart;  
My heart doth to my thought the grief expound,  
My thought the same doth to my tongue impart,  
My tongue the message in the ears doth sound;  
My ears back to my heart their sorrows send;  
Thus circling griefs run round without an end.

My guilty eye still seems to see my sin;  
All things are characters to spell my fall:  
What eye doth read without, heart sees within;  
What heart doth rue, to pensive thought is gill,

Which when the thought would by the tongue digest;  
The ear conveys it back into the breast.

My comfort now is comfortless to live—

The following passage we also think very fine.

Days pass in plaints, the night without repose;  
I wake, to sleep; I sleep in waking woes.

\* Sleep, death's ally, oblivion of tears;  
Silence of passions, balm of angry sore;  
Suspense of loves, security of fears;  
Wrath's lenity, heart's ease, storm's calmest shore;

Sense's and soul's reprieve from all cumbrous;  
Benumbing sense of ill with quiet slumbers.

Not such my sleep, but whisperer of dreams,  
Creating strange chimeras, feigning frights:

\* Was this verse unknown to Young?—Ed.



The three concluding stanzas breathe a noble Christian penitence, piety, and hope through the mercy of his offended, but he trusts forgiving Lord; but as we mean to advert to the shorter pieces, we shall close our notice of the longest by instancing in two verses the false taste which belonged more to the age than to the writer. Peter says he was tempted to his crime by women:

O mild revenger of aspiring pride,  
Thou canst discount high thoughts to low effects;

Thou mad'st a cock me for my fault to chide,  
My lofty boasts this lowly bird corrects.  
Well might a cock correct me with a crow,  
Whom hennish cackling first did overthrow.

O women, woe to men, traps for their falls,  
Still actors in all tragical mischances;  
Earth's necessary ills, enchanting thralls,  
Now murdering with your tongues—now with your glances.

Parents of life and love—spoilers of both—  
The thieves of hearts, false—do you love—or loath.

Of the minor poems, we are so much pleased with the moral and pathetic turn of that "UPON THE IMAGE OF DEATH," that we subjoin it entire.

Before my face the picture hangs,  
That daily should put me in mind,  
Of these cold names\* and bitter pangs  
That shortly I am like to find;  
But yet, alas! full little I  
Do think hereon, that I must die.

I often look upon a face  
Most ugly, grisly, bare, and thin;  
I often view the hollow place  
Where eyes and nose had sometimes been;  
I see the bones across that lie,  
Yet little think that I must die.

I read the label underneath,  
That telleth me whereto I must;  
I see the sentence too, that saith,  
"Remember man, thou art but dust."  
But yet, alas! how seldom I  
Do think indeed that I must die!

Continually at my bed's head  
A hearse doth hang, which doth me tell  
That I ere morning may be dead,  
Though now I feel myself full well;  
But yet, alas! for all this, I  
Have little mind that I must die!

The gown which I am us'd to wear,  
The knife wherewith I cut my meat;  
And eke that old and ancient chair,  
Which is my only usual seat;  
All these do tell me I must die,  
And yet my life amend not I.

My ancestors are turned to clay,  
And many of my mates are gone;  
My youngers daily drop away,  
And can I think to scape alone?  
No, no; I know that I must die,  
And yet my life amend not I.

Not Solomon, for all his wit,  
Nor Samson, though he were so strong;  
No king, nor power ever yet  
Could 'scape, but death laid him along.

\* Wastell reads better "qualms."  
"Nor ever person yet."

Wherefore I know that I must die,  
And yet my life amend not I.

Though all the East did quake to hear  
Of Alexander's dreadful name;  
And all the West did likewise fear,  
To hear of Julius Caesar's fame;  
Yet both by death in dust now lie;  
Who then can 'scape, but he must die?

If none can 'scape Death's dreadful dart,  
If rich and poor his beck obey;  
If strong, if wise, if all do smart,  
Then I to 'scape shall have no way:  
Then grant me grace, O God! that I  
My life may mend, since I must die.

In a poem called "The Vale of Tears"  
we notice the following line, which has a near coincidence with a fine passage of Pope's:

The wind here weeps,—here sighs,—here howls aloud.

This volume contains three hitherto unpublished poems by Southwell, from a MS. in the possession of Richard Heber, Esq. who, with his accustomed liberality, communicated them to the Editor. The first is "On the Sacrament of the Altar;" the other two, entitled "Decease is Release," and "I die without desert," are on the tragical death of Mary Queen of Scots. We subjoin the last.

If orphan child, enwrap't in swathing bands,  
Doth move to mercy when forlorn it lies;  
If none, without remorse or love, withstand  
The piteous noise of infants' silly cries;  
Then hope, my helpless heart, some tender cares  
Will rue thy orphan state and feeble tears.

Relinquish'd lamb, in solitary wood,  
With dying bleat doth move the toughest mind;  
The passing plaints of new engender'd brood,  
Base though they be, compassion use to find.  
Why should I, then, of pity doubt to speed,  
Whose hap would force the hardest heart to bleed?

Left orphan-like, in helpless state I rue;  
With sighs and tears alone I plead my case;  
My dying plaints I daily do renew,  
And fill with heavy cries each desert place.  
Some tender heart will weep to hear my moan,  
Men pity may—but God can help alone.

Rain down, ye heavens; your tears this case re-quires;  
Men's eyes unable are enough to shed:  
If sorrows could have place in heavenly quires,  
A fitter cause the world hath seldom bred.  
For right is wrong, and virtue's weigh'd with blood:  
The bad are bless'd, God murder'd in the good.

A gracious plant for fruit, for leaf, and flower;  
A peerless gem for virtue, proof, and price;  
A noble peer for prowess, will, and power;  
A friend to truth, a foe I was to vice.  
And lo, alas! all innocent I die,  
A case that might e'en make the stones to cry.

Thus Fortune's favours still are bent to flight;  
Thus worldly bliss in final bale doth end;  
Thus virtue still pursued is with spite:  
But let my fate, tho' rueful, none offend.  
God doth sometimes first crop the sweetest flower,  
And leaves the weed till time does it devour.

An Appendix contains some letters of Southwell's, which shew him to be an

elegant and powerful prose writer, and an acute casuist.

The volume is neatly printed on good paper, but not in that expensive way which has lately prevailed so much. It is therefore sold at a very moderate price. The ornaments and tail-pieces are far below mediocrity; yet as the letter-press is accurate and clear, we ought not perhaps to criticise such trifles.

We need not recommend these poems—as they must recommend themselves.

#### AMERICAN ORNITHOLOGY. By Alexander Wilson.

(Continued.)

Our author to an accurate figure of each species, and of the varieties of age and sex, has added a detailed, clear, and scientific description. He has carefully noted all the manners, the habits, the abode, and the laying of these different birds; and (what is still a desideratum in most works on European birds) the precise epoch of the arrival and departure of those that are migratory, the way and time which they build their nests, and the period of incubation.

Among the new species which he has discovered, there are several which are transitions, intermediate links between two different genera—species which seem by their configuration to belong to a certain genus, and by their way of living, approximate to the species of another genus.

In the species already known, he has acquainted us with interesting particulars, which had escaped the observation of preceding naturalists. In the pinnated Grouse, *Gillette hupée* (*Tetrao cupido*) he has observed two singular appendages of skin, on the sides of the neck, which in the Spring are filled with air, are puffed up like balls, and by their shape, size, and fine yellow colour, resemble oranges of a moderate size. These protuberances, which give this Grouse a peculiar appearance, are puffed up only in the Spring; at all other times they are flabby, hang along the neck, and are concealed by the feathers.

The *Brunet* of Buffon, called by the Americans the Cowbird, or Cow Bunting (*Emberiza pecoris*), affords the author many curious observations. He has demonstrated that this bird, like the Cuckoo of Europe, makes no nest, but commits the care of bringing up its young to various species of small birds in whose nests it lays its eggs. These birds zealously discharge the task, and feed the stranger, often at the expense of their own brood. It is remarkable that the two species of Cuckoo found in the United States build nests, and rear their little family, without imitating in this respect the manners of the European Cuckoo; while another very different species presents us here with the same peculiarity.

We conclude this review, which is very short, we must confess, considering the multitude of new and curious facts contained in the American Ornithology, by quoting some passages, as specimens of the author's manner.

*The White-headed or Bald Eagle. Falco Leucocephalus. (Vol. IV. p. 90.)*

Formed by nature for braving the severest cold, feeding equally on the produce of the sea and of the land, possessing powers of flight capable of outstripping even the tempests themselves; unawed by any thing but man; and from the ethereal heights to which he soars, looking abroad at one glance on an immeasurable expanse of forests, fields, lakes, and ocean, deep below him; he appears indifferent to the little localities of change of seasons, as in a few minutes he can pass from Summer to Winter, from the lower to the higher regions of the atmosphere, the abode of eternal cold, and from thence descend at will to the torrid or the arctic regions of the earth. He is therefore found at all seasons in the countries he inhabits, but prefers such places as have been mentioned above, from the great partiality he has for fish.

In procuring these, he displays, in a very singular manner, the genius and energy of his character, which is fierce, contemplative, daring, and tyrannical; attributes not exerted but on particular occasions, but, when put forth, overpowering all opposition. Elevated on the high dead limb of some gigantic tree that commands a wide view of the neighbouring shore and ocean, he seems calmly to contemplate the motions of the various feathered tribes that pursue their busy avocations below; the snow-white Gulls, slowly winnowing the air; the fishy Tringæ, coursing along the sands; trains of Ducks, streaming over the surface; silent and watchful Cranes, intent and wading; clamorous Crows; and all the winged multitudes that subsist by the bounty of this vast liquid magazine of nature. High over all these, hovers one, whose action instantly arrests all his attention. By his wide curvature of wing and sudden suspension in the air, he knows him to be the Fish-Hawk, settling over some devoted victim of the deep. His eye kindles at the sight, and, balancing himself with half opened wings on the branch, he watches the result. Down, rapid as an arrow from heaven, descends the distant object of his attention, the roar of its wings reaching the ear as it disappears in the deep, making the surges foam around! At this moment the eager looks of the Eagle are all ardour; and levelling his neck for flight, he sees the Fish-Hawk once more emerge, struggling with his prey, and mounting in the air with screams of exultation. These are the signal for our hero, who, lanching into the air, instantly gives chase, soon gains on the Fish-Hawk, each exerts his utmost to mount above the other, displaying in these rencounters the most elegant and sublime aerial evolutions. The unincumbered Eagle rapidly advances, and

is just on the point of reaching his opponent, when with a sudden scream, probably of despair and honest execration, the latter drops his fish; the Eagle, poisoning himself for a moment, as if to take a more certain aim, descends like a whirlwind, snatches it in his grasp ere it reaches the water, and bears his ill-gotten booty silently away into the woods.

These predatory attacks and defensive manœuvres of the Eagle and the Fish-Hawk, are matters of daily observation along the whole of our sea-board, from Georgia to New England, and frequently excite great interest in the spectators.

*The Ivory-billed Woodpecker. Picus principalis. (Vol. IV. p. 20.)*

This majestic and formidable species, in strength and magnitude, stands at the head of the whole class of Woodpeckers hitherto discovered. He may be called the king or chief of his tribe; and nature seems to have designed him a distinguished characteristic in the superb carmine crest, and bill of polished ivory, with which she has ornamented him. His eye is brilliant and daring, and his whole frame so admirably adapted for his mode of life, and method of procuring subsistence, as to impress on the mind of the examiner the most reverential ideas of the Creator. His manners have also a dignity in them superior to the common herd of Woodpeckers. Trees, shrubbery, orchards, rails, fence posts, and old prostrate logs, are alike interesting to those, in their humble and indefatigable search for prey; but the royal hunter now before us, scorns the humility of such situations, and seeks the most towering trees of the forest, seeming particularly attached to those prodigious cypress swamps, whose crowded giant sons stretch their bare and blasted or moss-hung arms midway to the skies. In these almost inaccessible recesses, amid ruinous piles of impending timber, his trumpet-like note and loud strokes resound through the solitary savage wilds, of which he seems the sole lord and inhabitant. Wherever he frequents, he leaves numerous monuments of his industry behind him. We there see enormous pine-trees, with cart-loads of bark lying around their roots, and chips of the trunk itself, in such quantities as to suggest the idea that half a dozen of axe-men had been at work there for the whole morning. The body of the tree is also disfigured with such numerous and so large excavations, that one can hardly conceive it possible for the whole to be the work of a Woodpecker. With such strength, and an apparatus so powerful, what havoc might he not commit, if numerous, on the most useful of our forest trees; and yet, with all these appearances, and much of vulgar prejudice against him, it may fairly be questioned whether he is at all injurious, or, at least, whether his exertions do not contribute most powerfully to the protection of our timber. Examine closely the tree where he has been at work, and you will soon perceive that it is neither from motives of mischief or amusement that he slices off

the bark, or digs his way into the trunk—for the sound and healthy tree is not the object of his attention. The diseased, infested with insects, and hastening to putrefaction, are his favourites; there the deadly crawling enemy have formed a lodgement, between the bark and tender wood, to drink up the very vital part of the tree. It is the ravages of these vermin which the intelligent proprietor of the forest deploras as the sole perpetrators of the destruction of his timber. Would it be believed that the larvæ of an insect, or fly, no longer than a grain of rice, should silently, and in one season, destroy some thousand acres of pine trees, many of them from two to three feet in diameter, and a hundred and fifty feet high? Yet, whoever passes along the high road from Georgetown to Charleston, in South Carolina, about twenty miles from the former place, can have striking and melancholy proofs of this fact. In some places the whole woods, as far as you can see around you, are dead, stripped of the bark, their wintry-looking arms and bare trunks bleaching in the sun, and tumbling in ruins before every blast, presenting a frightful picture of desolation.

In looking over the accounts given of the Ivory-billed Woodpecker by the naturalists of Europe, I find it asserted that it inhabits from New Jersey to Mexico. I believe, however, that few of them are ever seen to the north of Virginia, and very few of them even in that State. The first place I observed this bird at, when on my way to the South, was about twelve miles north of Wilmington, in North Carolina. There I found the bird from which the drawing of the figure in the plate was taken. This bird was only wounded slightly in the wing; and on being caught, uttered a loudly reiterated and most piteous note, exactly resembling the violent crying of a young child, which terrified my horse so as nearly to have cost me my life. It was distressing to hear it. I carried it with me in the chair, under cover, to Wilmington. In passing through the streets, its affecting cries surprised every one within hearing, particularly the females, who hurried to the doors and windows with looks of alarm and anxiety. I drove on, and on arriving at the piazza of the hotel where I intended to put up, the landlord came forward, and a number of other persons who happened to be there, all equally alarmed at what they heard; this was greatly increased by my asking whether he could furnish me with accommodations for myself and my baby. The man looked blank and foolish, while the others stared with still greater astonishment. After diverting myself for a minute or two at their expense, I drew my Woodpecker from under the cover, and a general laugh took place. I took him up stairs, and locked him up in my room, while I went to see my horse taken care of. In less than an hour I returned, and on opening the door he set up the same distressing shout, which now appeared to proceed from grief that he had been discovered in his attempts at escape. He had mounted along the side of

the window, nearly as high as the ceiling, a little below which he had begun to break through. The bed was covered with large pieces of plaster; the lath was exposed for at least fifteen inches square, and a hole, large enough to admit the fist, opened to the weather-boards, so that in less than another hour he would certainly have succeeded in making his way through. I now tied a string round his leg, and fastening it to the table, again left him. I wished to preserve his life, and had gone off in search of suitable food for him. As I reascended the stairs, I heard him again hard at work; and on entering had the mortification to perceive that he had almost entirely ruined the mahogany table to which he was fastened, and on which he had wreaked his whole vengeance. While engaged in taking the drawing, he cut me severely in several places; and, on the whole, displayed such a noble and unconquerable spirit, that I was frequently tempted to restore him to his native woods. He lived with me nearly three days, but refused all sustenance, and I witnessed his death with regret.

*Morier's Second Journey through Persia.*  
4to. pp. 435.

(Continued.)

Want of room compelled us to omit the continuation of this interesting Journey last week; and as we desire to finish its review before the new publications of the season begin to pour upon us, we resume our interrupted narrative. Of Ispahan, where the Embassy remained a short time, we have the following notice:—

The great city of Ispahan, which Chardin has described as being 24 miles in circumference, were it to be weeded (if the expression may be used) of its ruins, would now dwindle to about a quarter of that circumference. One might suppose that God's curse had extended over parts of this city, as it did over Babylon. Houses, bazars, mosques, palaces, whole streets, are to be seen in total abandonment; and I have rode for miles among its ruins, without meeting with any living creature, except perhaps a jackal peeping over a wall, or a fox running to his hole.

As the modern state of Ispahan is in great measure identified with the Ameen-ad-Dowlah, and as his history gives great insight into the vicissitudes of Persian life, the following account of him may, I hope, be found acceptable. He was originally a green-grocer in Ispahan, of which city he and his family are natives. His first rise from this humble station was to become the Ket Khoda (or deputy) of his *mahal*, or division; his next, to become that of a larger *mahal*: he then was promoted to be the *Kelantar*, or mayor, of the city; and thence he became the *Thaqbit*, or Chief, of a rich and extensive district near Ispahan, where he acquired great reputation for his good government. He afterwards made

himself acceptable in the eyes of the late King, by a large *peesh-kesh*, or present; and as the then governor of Ispahan was a man of dissolute life, oppressive and unjust, he succeeded in deposing him, and was himself appointed the *Beglerbeg*: here, from his intimate knowledge of the markets, and of all the resources of the city, and of its inhabitants, he managed to create a larger revenue than had ever before been collected. He became the partner of every shop-keeper, of every farmer, and of every merchant; setting up those with capitals who were in want, and increasing the means of others who were already in trade. He thus appeared to confer benefits, when, by his numerous monopolies, he raised the prices of almost every commodity. But as this revenue was apparently acquired without the oppression of the peasant, his reputation as a financier greatly increased; and in spite of all the opposition of his enemies, he advanced rapidly in the confidence of the reigning monarch, and in the honours to which it led. When the present King came to the throne, his zeal, his devotedness, and particularly his presents, secured to him a continuation of the royal favour, and at length he rose to be the Ameen-ad-Dowlah, the second Vizier of the state. How he acquired the riches which first enabled him to emerge from his green-grocer's stall, is not exactly known. His enemies say, that during the last civil wars in Persia, a string of Jaaser Khan's mules were passing close to his house, in the middle of the night, when two of them by chance were detached from the rest: that they strayed into his yard; and that they happened to be loaded with effects in precious stones, and other articles of great value, which, on the subsequent destruction of that prince, he appropriated to himself. This would make a good episode in an Arabian night's tale; and at any rate it may be said, that by these or some other means he made presents to Meerza Shefa, then the Prime minister, for the sake of being permitted to stand in his presence.

There cannot be a stronger instance than he is, of the few qualifications, either of birth or learning, that are necessary to become a statesman in Persia. He is as illiterate as a green-grocer may well be supposed. Since his elevation, necessity has obliged him to learn how to read and write; but he has succeeded so ill, that he can scarcely make out a common note, or join two words together in writing. That "a little learning is a dangerous thing," was never better applied than to him: for once, at an audience of the King, being called upon to read a list of presents just received, he made so great a mistake, that His Majesty grew wroth, and was about to inflict summary punishment, when he got out of the dilemma by offering on the spot a large sum of money, as an apology for his ignorance. Sancho managed these things better.

But in his particular department, that of raising money to feed the King's coffers, perhaps no man in Persia has ever surpassed him; and with all this, we found the peo-

ple of Ispahan, from whom the greater part of the riches are derived, in general very well-disposed towards him. He takes a pride in the improvement of the city and its environs, and his success is evident to my eye since I was here last. The public buildings have been repaired and beautified, new avenues have been planted, the cultivation has considerably increased, and there is a more general appearance of affluence and prosperity.

The King having returned to Teheran, the Embassy proceeded thither, and were received in a distinguished manner by an *Ishtakball*, or public deputation on their entry, which took place November 9th. In order to reconcile or get over some points of etiquette, the first audience was a private one. Mr. Morier thus describes it:—The Ambassador

Attended by me, and his escort of Indian cavalry, we proceeded to the palace, where we were received by the master of ceremonies of the *Khelweet*, or private apartments, who conducted us to the Presence. The King was seated in a small upper room, and when we had perceived him, we made our obeisances with all due respect, until we were stopt at about thirty paces in front of him, where we left our shoes and walked on the bare stones until we were close to His Majesty. Here the King said, "*Khoob Amedeed*," You are welcome; and "*Biah Ballah*," Come up; when we mounted a narrow flight of steps that led at once into the room. He was seated on an embroidered carpet, spread on the ground in a corner. Opposite to him stood the Grand Vizier Mirza Shefa and Ameen-ad-Dowlah; and on one side four pages richly dressed, one bearing his crown, a second his sword, a third his bow and arrows, and the fourth his shield and battle-axe. The Ambassador was conducted by the Grand Vizier, and stooping down presented the letter to the King, who pointed to a spot about two or three inches from him, where he placed it. After that he presented the diamond ring with which he was charged as a present from the King of England, using appropriate expressions on the occasion, to which the King answered, by pointing to the letter, and saying, "This is better than a mountain of diamonds." His Majesty then desired the Ambassador to seat himself, which he did on the ground; and after that ensued a conversation, in which the King, with great dignity, expressed the high esteem he entertained for our nation. The Ambassador seized this opportunity to extol the conduct of the King's Envoy during his stay in England, to which His Majesty seemed to listen with pleasure; and then ordered Mirza Abul Hassan Khan to be called, who soon after appeared, and stood below with his shoes off, by the side of a basin of water. He then said to him aloud, "*Aferin, aferin*, Well done, well done, Abul Hassan, you have made my face white in a foreign country, and I will make yours white in this. You are



one of the noblest of the families in my kingdom; and with the help of God, I will raise you to the dignities of your ancestors;" at which words the Mirza knelt down and actually touched the earth with his forehead.

Sometime after this, the Ambassador had his public audience, when we saw the King in great splendour. He was decked in all his jewels, with his crown on his head, his *bazubends*, or armlets on his arms, seated on his throne. - - - - -

The jewels disposed over his dress are embroidered on the stuff. Large stones of considerable value are placed on the shoulders. Upon his crown, which is very heavy, and set with jewels, is inscribed in Persian characters—Help from God, and speedy victory. On the front of it is placed the *Jika*, an upright ornament of jewellery, which is the great distinction of Persian royalty. The *bazubends*\* (ornaments that are fastened above the elbow) are composed of precious stones, of great value, and are only worn by the King and his sons.

The throne upon which the King sat was ascended by steps, upon which were painted dragons. It is surrounded by a balustrade, and the whole of it, which is overlaid with fine gold, beautifully enamelled, we were told cost one hundred thousand to-mans.

This audience passed off like that which I have before described in my former journal; and I will therefore proceed to relate that the Ambassadors also paid a visit of ceremony to the King of Persia's chief wife, called the *Banoo Harem*, whom, for want of a more appropriate title, we styled the Queen of Persia. The Ambassadors was introduced into a large open room, at one corner of which was seated the Queen, dressed out in truly Persian splendour. Large gilded knobs appeared on her head-dress, which was of a great size; and the other parts of her attire, like that of Zobeide, the Caliph's favourite in the Arabian Nights, were so loaded with jewels that she could scarcely walk. In a corner of the room stood some of the King's children, so stiffened out with brocade, velvets, furs, and jewellery, that they almost looked like fixtures. Great numbers of women were arranged in rows without the room, all ornamented with jewellery; and on the whole there appears to have been a great display of magnificence, although it did not amount quite to what the Persians would have made us to conceive. The Ambassadors presented the Queen of England's picture, most beautifully set round with brilliants of the purest water, to the personage before whom she was seated, who was quite unconscious of the beauty of the workmanship; but we afterwards learnt that it was greatly admired by His Majesty, whose discrimination in these valuables is very acute. Whilst the Ambassadors partook of some refreshments, her two maids were led out

by the attendants to do the same; but no sooner were they amongst them than the Persian women fell upon them like harpies to analyse their dress, of which they expressed the most unbounded curiosity. It is agreed by the Persians that the dress of our females is in every way preferable to theirs; but they will not allow the same in favour of the dresses of our men.

There is an excellent description of the religious ceremony in celebration of the death of Imam Hossein, which occupies the first ten days of the month *Moharrem*, commencing the Mahomedan year. We regret that it is too long for an extract. The martyrdom of Hossein, and of sixty-two followers slain in defending him, is represented most circumstantially:—

The scene terminated by the burning of Kerbelah. Several reed huts had been constructed behind the enclosure before-mentioned, which of a sudden were set on fire. The tomb of Hossein was seen covered with black cloth, and upon it sat a figure disguised in a tiger's skin, which was intended to represent the miraculous *lion*, recorded to have kept watch over his remains after he had been buried. The most extraordinary part of the whole exhibition was the representation of the dead bodies of the martyrs; who having been decapitated, were all placed in a row, each body with a head close to it. To effect this, several Persians buried themselves alive, leaving the head out just above ground; whilst others put their heads under ground, leaving out the body. The heads and bodies were placed in such relative positions to each other, as to make it appear that they had been severed. This is done by way of penance; but in hot weather the violence of the exertion has been known to produce death.

Soon after this the treaty was signed under very novel and curious circumstances. Nothing can more clearly shew the extreme difference between the manners of Persia and of Europe, than such transactions as are here related:—

The treaty with Persia was signed on the 14th March 1812, at the Ameen-ad-Dowlah's house. The King, during its negotiation, had gone out of the city on one of his usual hunting parties, and had desired that it should be concluded by his return. When the Plenipotentiaries had assembled, and as they were just on the point of signing and sealing, of a sudden the door of the apartment was thrown open with violence by one of the King's running footmen, who exclaimed, "*Mujdeh* (good news!) the Shah is close to the city, and will reach the palace in an hour;" and addressing himself to the two Persian Plenipotentiaries, said, "I must have ten to-mans from both of you." The Ameen-ad-Dowlah, whose fear of the King was paramount to every other feeling, arose from his seat in great agitation, exclaiming,

'The Shah will arrive before we can get to the palace to receive him. Come, Mirza Sheffia, let us go; for God's sake don't delay.' Upon this the Ambassador took up his papers, locked them into his box, and said, "Gentlemen, if this be the case, there is no treaty, for I will never again be fooled after this manner." "What, you would not have us killed?" cried out the Viziers. "Be the consequences upon your heads," replied His Excellency; "but of this be assured, that I will never again permit myself to be treated with this disrespect." "Well, then," said Mirza Sheffia, very calmly, "You go, Ameen-ad-Dowlah; I will sign the treaty now, and die to-morrow;" upon which the Ameen-ad-Dowlah left his seals with Mirza Sheffia, and with the utmost speed hastened to the palace. The treaty was then signed and sealed, the Grand Vizier performing that ceremony for his colleague.

The presents from England were got to Teheran in May; but owing to the total want of wheeled conveyances in Persia, and these heavy articles\* being transported partly on camels and partly on the backs of men (who sometimes fastened the largest packages on gun carriages, and let them run down the steepest hills on their route ad libitum,) in a sad state of mutilation. Two thirds of the glasses were demolished, and most of the carriages disabled. One built for the King, however, was among the least damaged, and being repaired, it was presented in great form:—

It was first necessary to knock down part of the wall of our court-yard, to get it into the street, and then it was dragged with considerable difficulty through the narrow streets and bazaars to the King's palace, where the Ambassador, attended by the Grand Vizier, and all the principal officers of the State, were in readiness to exhibit to the King. His Majesty walked around the carriage, examined it very minutely, admired its beauty, criticised its contrivances, and then got inside, leaving his shoes at the door, and seating himself with much satisfaction upon the velvet cushions. Mirza Abul Hassan Khan, the late Persian Envoy; Feraj Ullan Khan, (the Chief Executioner;) some of the Secretaries of State, and other personages of rank, all in their court dresses, then fastened themselves to it, and dragged His Majesty backwards and forwards to his great delight, which he expressed by some good remarks on the convenience of carriages, and the ingenuity of Europeans, who had brought them to such perfection. The circumstance that surprised the Grand Vizier the most was, that it could go backwards as well as forwards. The King kept his seat for more than half an hour, observing that there would be very good sitting-room

\* Carriages, looking glasses, grand piano forte, large mahogany dining table, and other continuous pieces of furniture.

\* *Bazú* is the part of the arm above the elbow.

for two, pointing to the bottom of the carriage as the place for the second. When he had smoked his kaseon within it, he descended, and made the Ambassador a very handsome acknowledgment for so magnificent a present, and ordered the Ameen-ad-Dowlah to purchase six large horses to draw it; however we learnt shortly after that it was put into a warehouse, where it has been bricked up, where it has been ever since, and where it is likely to remain.

### ITALIAN LITERATURE.

I. Of the various national Dictionaries which are considered as containing the treasures of the different languages of Europe, none perhaps has enjoyed a reputation more extensive, durable, and well-merited, than the *Vocabolario della Crusca*. It may in fact be truly said, that the admiration of the Italians has even risen to a kind of idolatry, which, regarding this great work as absolutely perfect, has been an obstacle to the improvements, additions, and corrections, which are rendered necessary in every work of the kind, by the changes of language produced by the lapse of time. Many enlightened Italians themselves have been long sensible of this truth, and have wished to see an authorized edition of the *Vocabolario della Crusca*, which should really approach as nearly as possible to that perfection which has hitherto been erroneously ascribed to that great work. It is not our purpose to enter at length into this subject, our intention being merely to point out to the lovers of Italian Literature, a work published at Milan under the title of "*Proposta di alcune correzioni ed Aggiunte al Vocabolario della Crusca*. Milan. Vol. I. Parte primer, in 8vo.

II. *Dizionario dei Pittori, &c. i. e. Dictionary of Painters*, from the revival of the Fine Arts till the year 1800. By Stefano Tirozzi, Honorary Member of the Society of Sculpture, at Carrara. 2 Vols. 8vo. with two copper-plates, containing the ciphers (in marks) of the Painters. Milan. 1818.

We seldom see a fine picture without desiring to know who is the painter, and to have some account of him. But from the revival of the fine arts till our times, there has arisen among various nations so great a number of artists of merit, that a book, giving a compendious list of painters of every age and country, and of their more celebrated works, was really a desideratum (in Italy.) Orlandi attempted to supply it with his *Abecedario Pittorico*; but his book, though very useful, and frequently reprinted with additions, was never recast, and always remained imperfect.

This induced M. Tirozzi to undertake the laborious compilation of a dictionary of painters. He might have added in his preface, that while other nations who paint less have lives of their painters in alphabetical order, Italy, the mother and cradle of

this distinguished art, still wanted a Dictionary of Painters.

Whoever examines this new Dictionary, must commend the method which the author has adopted. He has drawn from the best sources; and his life of Titian and the other painters of the Vecelli family, shews that he is well versed in the subject. He has excluded from his book, which is reduced within a small compass, in proportion to the number and extent of the subjects to be treated of, every notice which is not sufficiently authenticated, or which has not an immediate relation to the character, the style, the age of the artists named. On the other hand, he has taken great pains to point out with precision, the places where their best works are to be found, a labour which will certainly be gratefully acknowledged by all artists, as well as by connoisseurs and dilettanti.

In giving his opinion of the artists and their works, he has always supported it from the most exact and impartial writers, frequently confronting their opinions, and studiously avoiding to suffer himself to be guided by those prepossessions, favourable or unfavourable, which not only prevail between artists, but are perpetuated between different nations and different schools.

The Dictionary is arranged according to the surnames, which not only renders it more easy to find the painter sought, but serves also to keep together many families of painters, which, by an alphabetical arrangement according to their Christian names, are disadvantageously separated from each other. Though the book treats only of the painters from the revival of the fine arts till 1800, the author has very judiciously inserted, at the end, the series of Greek and Roman painters, extracted from the celebrated work of Junius, *De Pictura Veterum*. In another appendix he has given some very brief remarks on the distinctive characters of the different schools; of original pictures and copies; and the choice of good pictures.

The author mentions his design of compiling a Dictionary of Engravers. When this design is completed, Italy will possess in the two works what England has already in one—Bryan's excellent Dictionary of Painters and Engravers, an account of which is contained in one of our preceding Numbers.

### ORIGINAL CORRESPONDENCE.

#### ROYAL EVENING CONVERSATIONS, OR

#### LESSONS ON THE ART OF GOVERNMENT.

(Attributed to Frederic III. of Prussia, as addressed to his Nephew and Heir apparent, afterward Frederic IV.)

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,

With this, you will receive another por-

tion of Frederic's Lessons—the last but one—from

Your humble Servant, &c.

JOHN CAREY.

West Square, October 12.

### EVENING V.

#### State Policy.

State policy is reducible to three principles. The first is, to insure our own preservation, and, when opportunities occur, to promote our aggrandisement: the second, to contract no alliances, except with a view to our own interest: the third, to make our neighbours fear and respect us, even in our most disastrous days.

#### First Principle.

On my accession to the throne, I visited my father's coffers, and there discovered, that, by his rigid economy, I was provided with means adequate to the execution of grand and extensive projects.—Some time after this, I reviewed my troops, and found them as fine a body of men as I could wish.—After that review, I re-visited my coffers, and thence drew supplies, which enabled me to double my military establishment.—Having thus acquired two-fold strength, it was quite natural that I should not confine my views to the bare preservation of my existing possessions: and, accordingly, I soon determined to take advantage of the first favorable opportunity that Fortune should present to me.

In the mean time I sedulously exercised my troops, and exerted every effort to attract the eyes of all Europe to my military manoeuvres. I, every year, made some innovations in my system, for the purpose of impressing the world with an idea of my superior skill; and I at length attained the object which I had in view: I turned the brains\* of all my fellow sovereigns; every one of whom thought himself ruined and undone, if his soldiers were not taught to move their feet, their hands, their heads, quite in the Prussian style: and every officer and soldier in my army fancied himself twice as good a man, when he saw that our manoeuvres were every-where imitated.

When once my troops had thus acquired a superiority over those of other nations, my attention was thenceforward solely occupied in examining what pretensions I might form to different provinces.

Four principal points now presented themselves to my eye—namely, Silesia, Polish Prussia, Dutch Guelderland, and Swedish Pomerania.—Silesia was an object more worthy of my regard than all the others, and the more inviting, as circumstances were then more favorable to my views in that quarter. On Silesia, therefore, I fixed my choice; trusting to time for the execution of my designs against the other points.—I shall not undertake to prove to you the validity of my pretensions to that province: I left them to be established by my orators: the Empress Queen

\* "Turned the brains" . . . . "Je tournai la tête aux puissances."



caused them to be contested by hers: and we determined the controversy by the decisive argument of sword and gun.

But, to return to the favorable crisis which had swayed my choice—the circumstances which produced it, were these—

France wished to wrest the Imperial crown from the house of Austria; and nothing could have given me greater pleasure.—France was desirous of erecting, in Italy, a sovereignty for the *Infante* of Spain; and I was delighted with the project, because it could not otherwise be realised, than at the expense of the Empress Queen.—Finally, France conceived the noble design of marching to the gates of Vienna; and that was the very juncture which I forecast, as the desired opportunity to seize on Silesia.

Hence, my dear Nephew, be provided with money: give to your troops an air of superiority: watch the tide of events; and you may rest secure, not only of preserving your dominions, but of extending their boundaries.

There are some mistaken politicians, who pretend, that a state, which has once attained to a certain degree of magnitude, ought not to aim at any further aggrandisement; because (say they) the system of *political equilibrium* has, in a manner, limited each potentate to his proper sphere.—I grant, indeed, that the ambition of Louis XIV. had nearly proved fatal to France: and I well recollect the many anxious pangs which my own ambitious projects have cost me: but, on the other hand, I cannot forget, that France, in the midst of her severest calamities, was yet able to bestow a diadem, besides retaining possession of the various provinces which her arms had won: and you have lately seen, that I myself, though assailed on all sides by that furious tempest which threatened to overwhelm me, was not ultimately a loser.

Thus you see that every thing depends on the firmness and courage of him who boldly seizes what he can. Besides, my dear Nephew, you can hardly conceive how important it is for a king occasionally to deviate from the beaten track. It is only by the marvellous that he can dazzle the eyes of mankind, and acquire an exalted name.

The "*Balance of power*" is a term which has infatuated mankind, because they fancied that it insured the stability of possession; though it is, in reality, only an unmeaning phrase: for Europe is a great family, which contains too many unnatural brothers, and unfriendly relatives. I will even say more than that, my dear Nephew:—it is only by disregarding that system, that

we can hope to achieve any grand or memorable deed.—Look to the example of England! She has bound the sea in fetters: and that fierce element no longer dares to bear any vessel without her permission.

The conclusion to be drawn from those various considerations, is, that we ought, at all events, to attempt something, and be firmly persuaded that nothing \* misbecomes us; but, at the same time, cautiously to avoid a too ostentatious display of our pretensions.—Above all things, be careful to pension and keep at your court two or three able writers; and leave to them the task of vindicating your conduct.

(To be concluded in our next.)

\* "*Misbecomes us*,"—The original, "*Tout nous convient*," equally signifies "*Every thing becomes us*," or "*Every thing suits us*."—Perhaps I may have chosen the wrong meaning: the anonymous extracts give the other, viz. "*There is nothing which will not suit our convenience*."

† "*A too ostentatious display*" . . . "*Afficher avec trop de vanité ses prétensions*."

To the Editor of the Literary Gazette.

SIR,

Having frequently remarked, both in travelling and in reading books of travels, how very sensible a pleasure is afforded in the one case when a scene occurs that reminds us of English scenery; in the other, where a scene in a remote country is illustrated by reference to a familiar one in our own; I beg to inform your Readers of a very striking resemblance to the aspect of many parts of Greece which exists in this county; a resemblance so striking as to be at this season of the year quite illusive. I allude to those parts of the Sussex Downs which occur between *Rottenlean* and *Neuhaven*; and still more strikingly between the villages of *East and West Dean* near *Seaford*: a Tartar with a train of mules, and a few cypresses here and there, would make the picture so perfect, that I am persuaded it would perplex any traveller to find the points of diversity between these very accessible spots, and the general aspect of several parts of the Levant. The resemblance is at present made more perfect, by the removal of the crops of grain from the cultivated parts of the Downs (the colour of stubble being every where alike); but it chiefly depends on the outline of the hills; the singular variety of shadows thrown upon the crater-like hollows of the Downs; the total absence of towns and villages; and the paucity of houses and population.

I remain, Sir, &c. &c.

East Bourn.

PHILELLADOS.

## LEARNED SOCIETIES.

OXFORD, OCTOBER 10.

On Tuesday the Rev. Frodsham Hodson, D.D. Principal of Brasenose College, having been previously nominated by the Right Hon. Lord Grenville, Chancellor of the University, to be Vice-Chancellor for

the year ensuing, was, in full Convocation, invested with that office; after which the Vice-Chancellor nominated his Pro-Vice-Chancellors, viz. the Rev. John Cole, D.D. Rector of Exeter College; the Rev. Thomas Lee, D.D. President of Trinity College; the Rev. George William Hall, D.D. Master of Pembroke College; and the Rev. Peter Vaughan, D.D. Warden of Merton.

Congregations have been and will be holden for the purpose of granting Graces and conferring Degrees, on the following days in the ensuing Term: viz. Saturday, October 10, Thursday 22; Thursday November 12, Thursday 19, Thursday 26; Thursday December 3, Thursday 17.

## ARTS AND SCIENCES.

### SCIENTIFIC MISCELLANIES.

**PLATINUM.**—An extraordinary mass of genuine native Platinum has lately been found near a gold mine in the government of Chocó, in South America, and sent to the king at Madrid, who has presented it to the Museum. Its large diameter is 2 inches  $4\frac{1}{2}$  lines; and its small diameter 2 inches. Its height 4 inches and 4 lines; its weight 1 pound 9 ounces 1 drachm; its colour that of native silver. The surface is rough, and here and there spotted with yellow iron ochre.—*Blackwood's Edinb. Magazine.*

**PRECIOUS OPAL.**—The same publication states that two mines of precious opal have lately been discovered in Mexico, in the district of Gracias de Dios, sixty Spanish miles in the interior of Honduras. The Opals are imbedded in Perulam earth, and are accompanied by all the other varieties of Opal, but particularly with the sky-blue Girasol, and the Sun-opal of Sonnenschmidt.

**MAGIC LANTERNS.**—A Correspondent thus writes to us on this subject:—

London, 10th October 1818

MR. EDITOR,

That wonderful and amusing instrument, the "*Magic Lantern*," is known to almost every one: most people, however, content themselves with admiring the effects, without investigating the causes. This remark cannot apply to all your readers, therefore I would beg (with your permission) a little information from any one of them, as to the necessary composition or process for painting on the glass slides, on the truth and natural design of which a great part of the illusion depends. Your insertion will greatly oblige, &c.

L. W.

P.S. At an Optician's, in a great thoroughfare in the city, I was surprised to see on three slides for a lantern, the following scriptural subjects:

1. St. John preaching in the Wilderness!
2. Christ entering into Jerusalem!!
3. The Crucifixion!!!

Which, though beautifully delineated, are, in my humble opinion, improper for such an exhibition.

† "*Argument of sword and gun*"—"à coups de sabres et de fusils"—with sabre-strokes and musket-shots.

‡ "*Juncture, which*," &c. "*C'est où je l'attendais*"—it was there that I waited for [or expected] her—waited to see her arrived.

|| "*Limited*," &c.—"*fixé à chaque puissance son coin*"—fixed [or determined] for each power its corner.

## THE FINE ARTS.

## SIR JOHN LEICESTER'S GALLERY.

In our notices of his Gallery of British Artists, and the mode of its being thrown open last winter by Sir John Leicester, we did not venture to speak *ex cathedra*, and declare how advantageous to our native arts we, merely of our own opinion, deemed the course adopted by that public-spirited gentleman. We referred to the highest authority on such a subject that could be quoted, and Sir Joshua Reynolds said for us, *a priori*, that the plan pursued was replete with every benefit to the Arts, by stimulating patronage as well as emulation, and by erecting a temple in which the merits of modern and contemporary painters could be fairly seen and appreciated. We approved and admired the design as a step out of the beaten track;—as a gratifying proclamation, as it were, that talent may be acknowledged and valued some few years while its professor yet lives, and before he is rotten in the grave with the old masters.

Entertaining these sentiments, we are happy to learn that Sir John Leicester intends to follow the same liberal career during the ensuing season, with several important additions to his previously rich collection. Mr. Hilton, an artist (strange to say in these days) rising to the top of his profession by dint of modest merit, has, we understand, made great progress in a picture of Europa, for which Sir J. L. gave him a commission. Mr. Collins is also engaged on a painting on an enlarged scale, for the same destination; while a magnificent specimen of Wilson, and two pieces in Fuseli's best style, have already been added to the gallery.

These, united to the former stores, must augment the interest of this peculiar exhibition; and we are inclined to think that the extent and variety of genius displayed by British artists, thus brought into one focus, will be so strongly felt as to force panegyric even from those who are content to take colour, expression, composition, or any one excellence as sufficient to constitute a great ancient master, but require a combination of every excellency in a contemporary, before they can allow him to be an Artist at all.

## ORIGINAL IDEA OF ST. PETER'S.

Julius II. was as distinguished for his encouragement of talents, as for his impetuosity and his unbounded ambition in the exercise of sovereign power. It was a favourite apophthegm of his, that learning elevated the lowest orders of society, stamped the highest value on nobility, and was the most splendid gem in the diadem of sovereignty. He was no sooner seated in the papal chair, than he was surrounded by men of genius, and Michael Angelo was among the first whom he invited; and at the same time he sent him an order for an hundred ducats, to pay his expenses to Rome. After his arrival, some time elapsed before any subject could be determined upon for the

exercise of his abilities; at length the Pope gave him an unlimited commission to make a mausoleum, in which their future fame might be combined.

Having received the commission, Michael Angelo commenced a design worthy of himself and of his patron. The plan was a parallelogram, and the superstructure was to consist of 40 statues, many of which were to be colossal, and interspersed with ornamental figures and bronze basso-relievos, besides the necessary architecture, with appropriate decorations to unite the composition into one stupendous whole.

When this magnificent design was completed, it met with the Pope's entire approbation, and Michael Angelo was desired to go into St. Peter's, to see where it could be conveniently placed. At the west end of the church, Nicholas the Vth, half a century before, began to erect a new tribune, but the plan had not been continued by his successors; this situation Michael Angelo thought the most appropriate, and recommended it to the consideration of his Holiness. The Pope inquired what expense would be necessary to complete it; to which Michael Angelo answered, "A hundred thousand crowns." Julius replied, "It may be twice that sum;" and immediately gave orders to Giuliano de San Gallo to consider of the best means to execute the work.

San Gallo, impressed with the grandeur of Michael Angelo's design, suggested to the Pope, that such a monument ought to have a chapel built on purpose for it, to correspond to its importance, and that every part of the composition might be exhibited to the greatest advantage; at the same time he remarked, that St. Peter's was an old church, not at all adapted for so superb a mausoleum, and any alteration would only serve to destroy the character of the building. The Pope listened to these observations, and ordered several architects to make designs, to put him in possession of all that could be done under existing circumstances; but in considering and reconsidering the subject, he passed from one improvement to another, till at length he determined to rebuild St. Peter's itself; and this is the origin of that edifice, which took 150 years to complete, and is now the grandest display of architectural splendour that ornaments the Christian world.

By those who are curious in tracing the remote causes of great events, Michael Angelo perhaps may be found, though unexpectedly, to have thus laid the first stone of the Reformation. His monument demanded a building of corresponding magnificence: to prosecute the undertaking, money was wanted; and indulgencies were sold to supply the deficiency of the treasure; a Monk of Saxony opposed the authority of the church; and it is singular, that the means which were employed to raise the most splendid edifice to the Catholic faith, which the world had ever seen, should at the same time have shaken that religion to its foundation.

DUPPA.

We may with propriety annex to this letter, an original poetical tribute, (with which we have been favoured by another Correspondent.)

## TO MICHAEL ANGELO.

Michael! thou wast the mightiest spirit of all  
Who learned or taught Italian art sublime;  
And long shall thy renown survive the time  
When Ruin to herself thy works shall call.  
One only (and he\* perished in his prime)  
Could mate with thee, and in one path alone.  
Thou didst regenerate art—for from the stone  
Started the breathing image—perfect—great—  
And such as (haply) in his after state,  
Man shall attain. And thou couldst trace the  
rhyme  
That lifts its parent to the skies; thus bending  
To thy resistless powers the Sisters three,  
Painting, and Sculpture, and "sweet Poesy."  
Whom can I place beside thee, not descending?  
(W.)

\* Raffaello.

We lately stated that His Royal Highness the Prince Regent acceded in the handsomest manner to an application made from Ireland, for some of the casts lately sent to His Royal Highness from France and Rome, to enable the rising artists of the sister kingdom to establish an adequate school of study. The application, we find, was made by Lord Ennismore, for the Cork Institution; and the Prince Regent was graciously pleased to order the casts which remained, after the Royal Academy was furnished, to be placed at his Lordship's disposal for the Cork Institution. They are all in the best order, and are admirable copies of some of the most celebrated works. They were shipped on Saturday, in the *Guest* transport, from Deptford. The following are the principal casts:—

The *Torso*, the *Laocoon*, the *Torso Venus*, *Celeste*, small *Tornleian Venus*, *Apollo Belvidere*, *Adonis*, *Antinous*, *Piping Faun*, *Young Apollo*, *Concord*, *Lætitia Minerva*, small draped *Venus*, *Hermaphrodite*, a great number of busts of every description, several fragments, anatomical studies, &c. Besides the casts from the antique, there are some from Michael Angelo and from Canova's best works. Among the last is a cast from the celebrated sitting figure of *Bonaparte's Mother*; the form of which was taken from the antique *Agrippina*, at Naples.

They form a complete and admirable collection for a School of Art.—*Morn. Post.*

The French papers announce a publication entitled *La Galerie du Luxembourg, ou Musée des Modernes*. This work is to consist of descriptions of all the paintings in the Luxembourg Gallery, with a copy of each picture, executed by the lithographic process, from sketches by able artists.—The Editors propose, after the completion of the pictures in the above-mentioned gallery, to publish, in supplementary series, copies from the most celebrated pictures of the French masters.

## ORIGINAL POETRY.

[Literary Gazette.]  
DOGGREL.*To Sir Thomas Lawrence, on his mission to Congress, taking his Painting-room with him.*Cannot you room for Sir Thomas make,  
You folks at Aix-la-Chapelle?Why then his own Room will Sir Thomas take,  
Which will do every whit as well.What a change! once shut from Italy,  
Our artists were sunk in gloom;  
But now if abroad or at home they be,  
They may find themselves in Rome!And in politics greater still's the change;  
Since Sir Thomas by his skill,  
Of monarchs and ministers the whole range  
May place and turn at his will.No Emperor will look on one side,  
If he bids him look on t'other;  
No King will stir whom he asks to bide  
Till he sets him in peace by another.Diplomatists, intriguing and sly,  
Beneath his magic command,  
Must consent on one thing to fix their eye,  
And to one thing put their hand.All sweetly composed, the mighty here  
Will never quarrel a bit;  
Nor standing armies need we to fear  
When every General must sit.Henceforth then, parchment bonds be vain—  
(They never yet were true)—  
That treaties more lasting may remain,  
Let's try what canvas will do.Then prosper thee, Sir Thomas, I pray,  
In thy doings at Aix-la Chapelle.  
Oh make Europe's Arbiters look all one way—  
And every way look well.

THOMAS THE RHYMER.

[By Correspondents.]  
EXPERIENCE.

Patrie quis exul, &amp;c. &amp;c.

Unknown, untried, we fondly deem  
That scenes there are of power supreme  
To win the soul from care;  
Land of the Muse's laurel'd page,  
Land of the Hero and the Sage,  
Shall grief disturb us there?Too surely yes! pernicious skill  
Hath Sorrow o'er the spirit still  
Its empire to preserve!—  
No link of Thought's electric chain  
But touch'd will send the pang again  
Thro' every trembling nerve!The shining lake, the mountain rude,  
The very desert's solitude,  
May move the tender string;  
And times, when Joy insidious smil'd,  
When views of life were visions wild,  
To pain'd remembrance bring.Then wherefore fly? secure to find  
To every labyrinth of mind,  
That care hath still a clue:  
That by what'er illusions led,  
Forth from the home of Sorrow fled,  
We fly not Sorrow too!Tho' gilded mosque in cypress set,  
Or, heard from lofty minaret  
The Koran-cadence slow,  
Or Marathon's immortal soil,  
Or rugged Aëta's proud defile,  
A moment's pause bestow:Mid Phyle's \* rocks on Corinth's plain,  
O'er Argos' drear and voiceless reign,  
Where'er the Pilgrim roam;  
From Pindus to the Appennine,  
A thousand elements combine  
To bear the spirit home!

Οδοιπορος.

\* Vide Panorama of Athens.

## A SKETCH FROM LIFE.

Twilight was in the chamber, yet the flame,  
That burned around the Sun's descending  
throne,  
In one long splendour thro' the casement came,  
Tinging the sofa's silk, the Parian stone,  
The pictures' sculptured frames, that partial shone  
Thro' that rich dusk around the hues divine  
By MIND upon the Italian canvass thrown;  
Like the gold pillars of an Eastern mine,  
At once the Indian's cave of gems, and holy shrine.The beam swept round, 'till its full glory fell  
Upon an idol's, yet a woman's form:  
She sat upgazing, as if some high spell  
Had on her bright eye fixed the sudden charm:  
A half-hued picture lay beneath her arm,  
That paused, suspense above it, like a ray;  
Her opening lip—her delicate cheek seem'd warm  
With more than sunset's fires, till parting day  
Veil'd her in purple shades, and all sank soft  
away.

Yarmouth, August 1818.

TRISSINO.

## SKETCHES OF SOCIETY.

## THE HERMIT IN LONDON,

OR

## SKETCHES OF ENGLISH MANNERS.

## No. XV.

## A PEDANT.

NATH. *Perge*, good master Holofernes, *perge*;  
so it shall please you to abrogate scurrility.DULL. If a talent be a claw, look how he claws  
him with a talent.HOL. This is a gift that I have, simple, simple;  
a foolish extravagant spirit, full of forms, figures,  
shapes, objects, ideas, apprehensions, motions,  
revolutions: these are brogt in the ventricle of  
memory, nourished in the womb of *pin mater*,  
and delivered upon the mellowing of occasion:  
but the gift is good in those in whom it is acute,  
and I am thank full for it.—*Love's Labour Lost*.I made one last week at Lady ——'s  
*conversazione*, which my Cousin in the  
Guards calls the Sunday school; con-  
trasting it with the Marchioness's at  
Homes' on Thursdays, which he calls  
little Hell, on account of the certain  
round table. At the first named assem-  
blage I met with \*\*\* L.L.D. etc. etc.  
How some people are spoiled! The mo-  
ment he entered the room, he was sur-  
rounded by all the Blues, "I am  
charmed to see you," said Lady Char-  
lotte; "you are just come in time; we  
are all in the dark respecting a certain  
abstruse subject, and you are the very  
man to enlighten us." 'Madam,' re-plied the Pedant, 'I am very willing to do  
the best in my power; but the sun itself  
cannot enlighten the blind.' Rather rude,  
thought I.The knotty point being discussed, and  
the L.L.D. giving his common-place op-  
inion, "Oh! by the bye," said Mrs. M—,  
"don't you think that young man  
\*\*\*\*\* is a close follower of  
Lord B—in his moral or graver poetry?"  
'Not a close follower,' replied the Do-  
ctor. "But—you perceive the resem-  
blance?" 'Yes, madam,' said he, 'in his  
lameness.' "Did you condescend," said  
the Countess of \*\*\*\*\* "to look  
in at Lady H—'s rout?" 'No, madam,'  
responded the Scholar: 'I received one  
of her encyclical cards; but I never go  
to a vapour bath, without the advice of  
the faculty.' "Admirable!" cried Lady  
Caroline; "but I dare say, Doctor ———  
told you that he was to be there." 'Your  
Ladyship is right,' said the Pedant: 'he  
went there, doubtless, in the way of his  
profession. Colds and catarrhs caught  
on these occasions, added to the intem-  
perance of the one sex, and the dissipa-  
tion of the other, are the greatest re-  
sources of medical men.'"I have a thousand apologies to make  
to you, for my Nephew," said the Dow-  
ager ———, "he was really far gone; and  
I considered it as a condescension on  
your part, to allow him to be set down in  
our carriage on your way homie the  
other night." 'Madam,' replied the Do-  
ctor, 'I did not think him so far gone as  
I could have wished; your Ladyship did  
well to set him down in any way: and, as  
to myself, I considered your carriage on  
that occasion like a stage coach, and was  
prepared to put up with any company.'  
What a brute! thought I. "It is a pity,"  
rejoined her Ladyship, "that he should  
be so given to swearing." 'Not at all,'  
said the Doctor; 'when a man is given  
to lying, he does extremely well to adopt  
the habit of swearing; for he can have  
no respect for his own word, and cannot  
expect those who know him to have any  
more reliance on it; an oath, on such an  
occasion, may therefore be imposing.'  
"Very severe!" whispered a host of  
Blues.He now looked sour, but self-satis-  
fied. "My son says that you did not  
know him, when he accosted you, going  
to see the Elgin Marbles," observed the  
Dowager Lady ———. 'No, madam,' re-  
plied this Light, 'I took him for a  
stage coachman, and was perplexed to  
think how I came to be either in ac-  
quaintance or in debt to one, as I con-  
ceived that perhaps he accosted me for  
his fare.' "Very fair," insinuated a pun-



ster. The Doctor frowned. "His brother is a great scholar," observed the lady again. "Yes, madam, a great Greek scholar; but his knowledge has been acquired amongst the modern Greeks, instead of the ancients," said he, smiling sarcastically. "Have you seen him lately?" resumed her ladyship. "I saw a stiff cravat and a pair of winkers this morning in the Park, with part of a face grinning through a horse-collar attached to a coat; and I conclude that he was in the midst of these fashionable monstrosities." (A general laugh.)

"Your old friend the General is much altered," observed a classical Parson; "he is grown quite an old man." "An old woman, Sir, you mean," replied the LL.D. "and of the weakest kind." "By the bye, what do you think of his wife?" "I consider, Sir, that she has more caloric in her composition than any other being which I know, being a strong repellent of attraction."—"The Duke," interrupted Lady Charlotte, "is gone to Russia." "I hope that it will be a salutary refrigerant to the ardour of juvenile imprudence," replied the grave oracle. "I meant to have made a Northern trip myself," resumed her Ladyship, "but, on reflection, I altered my plan." "I am happy," observed the Doctor, "that your Ladyship's reflections go so far, some people merely confine them to their looking-glass."

I now got weary of so much nugatory importance—of so much ill-natured remark, without intrinsic value, and I withdrew, reflecting how unjustly many individuals gain an ascendancy over others. The reputation of a scholar, eccentric habits, grave dress, a severe countenance, and boldness enough to be rude, have raised the Doctor to his little eminence in his circle, where he holds forth, like the philosophers of old in their porticoes, and where weak, would-be savants and savantes come, each with their taper, to borrow light from an offensive half-illuminated lamp, shining dimly in neighbouring darkness.

Thus are many Pedants spoiled. For my own part, the only novelty I perceived in this character, was to have kept an admiring circle attending to his saying nothing instructive, but every thing ill-natured which was in his power. A discerning eye will find more of this species in the *soi disant* in select assemblies of the metropolis. These are the successful quacks of literature, who live upon simples, as the French mountebank said to his gulled and subscribing circle. They have covers at the houses of the great, seats in coroneted carriages, and, what

is more astonishing, they hold a high situation amongst their admiring satellites.

#### THE HERMIT IN LONDON.

#### CELESTIAL APPARITION.

If our readers can put faith in the annexed story, we shall never hear more of that bourne whence no traveller returns; should they be incredulous, we trust it will amuse them, as it has us, by its quaintness and originality. It would be well perhaps for sober sense, that whenever

—"Well attested, and as well believed,  
Heard solemn goes the goblin story round;  
Till superstitious horror creeps o'er all"—

the fabric of heated imagination could be as distinctly traced and attributed to the workings of a vivid dream, as in the present instance. The manner in which the poor widower describes his visitation, has, we think, enough of the entertaining in it to entitle it to a place among the less grave matters with which we are in the practice of diversifying, and we hope enlivening, the pages of the *Literary Gazette*.

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

SIR,

Having cast a cursory glance over some of your latter Numbers, in which I accidentally perceived a narrative of an "Apparition of Captain Campbell," I am induced to send you the following singular story. I must however premise that the letter from which I am about to copy, was written to a most intimate friend of mine, by one of the first literary characters of the day, who himself prefaces the account with the following observations. I copy from his own hand-writing.

"Of the truth or falsehood of the following narrative," writes the gentleman alluded to, "every reader will judge for himself. It is proper, however, to inform him, that the transcriber was well acquainted with the persons mentioned in it; of whom the writer of the relation was a merchant, who had however received an education, at an University, of plain good sense, and who maintained, during life, an excellent moral character, but the farthest thing in the world from that of an enthusiast. Of the lady, who was his (the transcriber's) near relation, he will only say, that the character given of her in the following detail is just and appropriate. Her piety, although sincere, was remote from all ostentation: and she was upon the whole one of the most amiable women he ever knew. About two years only have elapsed since the gentleman's death."

This is dated 27th November, 1787, and then follows the transcription of the merchant's own story.

"Upon Saturday evening, 2d September, 1769, betwixt the hours of eleven and

twelve at night, as I was about to fall into an agreeable sleep, I was gently awakened by a soft whispering noise, which entered at my room-door, and stopped at my bedside. Though it was not disagreeable, yet I never felt any thing in the world have such an effect upon my senses, for awfulness and solemnity. And there is nothing on earth I can remember, that has any resemblance to it, except a sweet zephyr gently gliding through a grove; and even that is but a very imperfect representation of it.

"I immediately raised myself up, and drew by the curtain, when to my great but most agreeable surprise, my dear wife, who departed this life but two months ago, was present before me. And notwithstanding the natural aversion which poor mortals generally have to the inhabitants of another world, and even to those who have been their dear companions, yet, my friend, who may peruse this, I can assure you with perfect truth, that nothing of that fear or dread possessed me, but rather the highest satisfaction and joy of having an opportunity of conversing with my dear friend, for so I must call her, the conjugal ties that subsisted while in this world being now totally dissolved.

"I said to her 'I need not inquire about your happiness, as I was always confirmed of it while you was in this world. I assured you of it in your last sickness, and now I see evident tokens of it in your countenance and deportment every way. Indeed while you was an inhabitant of this earth, you was always possessed of a sweetness and affability of temper, of such striking piety, uprightness and integrity, as made you justly beloved and esteemed by all your acquaintances. But now I see such splendour in your countenance, such dignity every way surrounding you, as bespeaks an inhabitant of the blessed, as also one of a very high rank.'

"To this my beloved friend answered, 'No, I am not of very high rank in the blessed abodes; but thanks to my God and my dear Saviour for the happiness I enjoy, which is as great as my present nature is capable of. And I know I will be still rising to greater degrees of happiness, and nearer to perfection in the blessed city of my God, which I now inhabit, as I see all that enter do. Thus much I have liberty to communicate to you; and also, that if I had improved the talents which God Almighty gave me, while on earth, better than I did, i. e. had I advanced farther in the exercise of holiness, piety, justice, and benevolence, and thereby attained to a greater degree of excellence in this life which you possess, then I should have been directly placed in such a higher station in those blessed mansions, as my nature was capable of enjoying. And such happiness may they all expect who go on improving in virtue and goodness, while they are in this lower world.'

"Charmed with the conversation of this celestial inhabitant, I ventured to ask her another question: 'Pray, my dear heavenly guest, may I ask, how the blessed above

employ themselves? what are their distinct exercises and recreations, if they have any?"

"My dear friend, I know but little myself as yet, though much more than you could bear to hear in your mortal state; but I will let you know what I am permitted, and what your present state will bear. You may be sure that a considerable part of our time is taken up, at stated periods, in worshipping, serving, and praising our great Almighty, and his Son, our dear Saviour. Our worship and services are pure and quite abstracted, removed from the smallest degree of imperfection; our songs and choral symphonies charm beyond expression; the number and variety of our instruments are almost infinite, and, when joined together, nothing so sweet, so truly great, glorious and transcending, can be conceived. You must know that I cannot bear such glories but at a great distance from the throne of God, the centre of our worship and praise, but I expect to be admitted nearer and nearer, as my nature will bear, according to that progressive order and regularity that subsists in our regions. This relation, you must know, is most part from the information of one of a much superior rank to me, who deigns to converse with me now and then, and whose superior knowledge gives me the greatest pleasure. And who knows but this same benevolent being may be appointed by the Almighty to converse with me, and to instruct me, until I come to a greater degree of maturity; for these go on gradually, as they do with you, no supernatural force being applied. My terrestrial friend, you ask me whether the heavenly inhabitants have any recreations. You know that there are many Christians upon your earth, otherwise well-meaning people, and inoffensive in their lives, who, were you to ask such a question, would think it next to blasphemy. You will know them by their dismal aspects and melancholy countenances, which appear chiefly in their religious exercises, occasioned by the wrong notions of religion which they have imbibed in their youth, and which most part of them never give up, and by which they have conceived such shocking notions of the Deity, as to believe him to be an arbitrary and tyrannical being to his rational creatures. What pity is it that these poor deluded creatures will not allow themselves to be undeceived in this respect! For by all I can learn, the blessed above have many recreations, but they are all of an abstracted and pure nature, spiritual and intellectual; and the result of all is, that they are thereby enabled more and more to praise, love, and adore the infinite perfections of their great Master, who is the Lord of all things. For lately happening to approach near a company of glorious beings, many degrees above my sphere, and seeing them very intent upon some serious and profound contemplation, I ventured to join them, which they encouraged, for the highest order of beings in our celestial abodes are pleased when those of the lowest rank mix in their company, and they

forward their knowledge as much as possible, and their conception of things; for all of us, even those of the highest order of our kingdom, are still going on to perfection, without a possibility of ever arriving at the summit. Besides, you must know that our inhabitants have unspeakable pleasure in being agreeable to their fellow-citizens, especially to those of the lowest orders. This is the effect of that universal benevolence which does and will for ever reign in those happy regions.

"After mixing in this company, although I could not perfectly understand their language, yet I was sure that they were talking of some extraordinary excursion which they had lately made, to view the wonders of a certain world, either newly-created or which they had never seen before. And Oh, how were they delighted with the beauty and magnificence of its structure, and the exact symmetry and proportion of its parts! Now and then they would fall prostrate in their adoration of Him that sits upon the throne, and of the Lamb, for ever and ever. I understood that they had observed something new and curious in it, which they had not seen before in any part of the universe. And now, my terrestrial friend, I must think that viewing the wonders of the Almighty in their different universes of worlds with which he has filled infinite space, must be no small part of the delightful exercises of the blessed in heaven."

"Oh, my friend, who may read this, think how my ears were charmed with such heavenly discourse, which encouraged me to ask another question. 'Pray, dear celestial citizen,' said I, 'do the souls that leave this earth, and come to inhabit your blessed abodes, do they know their relations, companions, and acquaintances, whom they had in this earth, when they meet in heaven?' 'Of this,' she replied, 'I cannot inform you; having yet seen none of them, I mean none of my terrestrial acquaintances. You cannot imagine what millions and myriads are with us; and all that can arrive from your earth, were all that ever breathed in it to come, would be almost as nothing and unobserved among the infinite multitudes in our regions. But I have no doubt that such souls as in your earth were happy together in the exercise of virtue, or in any of the divine or social graces, and who had great pleasure in studying and conferring together on these subjects on earth, may meet together and renew their friendship in the regions above; but to talk of any subject relating to their terrestrial affairs, I am sure would be far below their nature, and would be but groveling in those blessed mansions.'

"My dear celestial Being, since you have been so communicative, may I dare to ask you another question? Have you yet seen the *Beatific Vision*, or can you give me any description of it?' 'What I have said on our worship, adoration, and praise of the Deity,' she replied, 'may answer the question. I know little of this glorious sight as yet, and was I permitted to communicate what I know, it would so shock

your earthly frame, that you would wish to have known nothing about it. My approaches to the beatific vision are yet at a great distance; I must wait till I am more inured to the divine sight, till my nature be more refined and spiritualized, before I can enjoy it perfectly. And now know, my friend, that I am about to leave you, never to meet again on earth, and that it was altogether upon your account that I undertook such a journey, knowing your anxiety and pain of mind at my departure from the world. I hope that you will be no more grieved for the loss of me, nor sorrow after an ungodly manner. I am translated from this low transitory earth to the regions of bliss and immortality, for without this motive and of myself I had no inclination to come, although I sojourned on earth upwards of half a century, and, bodily distempers excepted, lived as happily as a mortal could do during that time. But now such is the relish we have for our celestial enjoyments, that we lose all taste for our terrestrial ones. This is the reason why so few incline or are permitted to revisit this earth."

"Having thus spoken, my celestial Visitant in a moment disappeared and left me."

I make no apology, Mr. Editor, for sending you the above, which is a literal and faithful transcript from the original in my possession. It adds to the singularity, and probably to the interest, that a gentleman of high literary character and acknowledged attainments, should have given perpetuity, and some degree of credibility, to this most wondrous tale. I shall conclude with his remark: "Of the truth of this story each one must judge for himself, merely observing, that the good lady had not, probably from her short abode in heaven, lost her habit and sexual characteristic of prolixity, and that through the whole of her long and digressive colloquy, her spouse seems to have listened with a very habitual and laudable deference and patience."

I am, Sir, &c. &c.

B.

## THE DRAMA.

DRURY LANE.—During the present race of novelty, in pieces, in performers, in readings, in revivals, and in transformations, were we fully to criticise what the Drama presents to us, we should have our publication entirely devoted to that single subject, which, with all its acknowledged interest, we do not think deserving of so great a sacrifice. In its present low estate, indeed, generally speaking, a mere chronicle of its evolutions might be deemed sufficient. Since the period down to which our last notice came, Mr. Kean has performed Sir Edward Mortimer, Sir Giles Overreach, Hamlet, and Macbeth: the intermediate nights being devoted to the murder of certain comedies, whose old age ought to have protected them from such

George-Barnwell-like assassinations. We cannot tell exactly how many first appearances have taken place this week; but if we can at the end of the season procure a list of all Mr. Stephen Kemble's provincial acquaintances who have, to use their own phrase, *tried it on the Londoners*, we faithfully promise to publish an extra sheet or two, with the roll, and name of the parts in which they appeared, in order to recall them to the remembrance of play-goers.

It seems to us to be one of the most erroneous ideas that ever entered the head of a manager, that he will attract the town by a constant change and succession of second-rate and inferior actors; or, indeed, by great alterations in his company, or casts of parts. The theatres are never experimentally crowded—they are crowded to see performances which have passed the ordeal and are loudly praised. The multitudes of visitors from the country, who every evening constitute so large a proportion of the money-paying audiences, never think of wasting their time to see whether some nameless person succeed or not; they have heard at home, or have read in the Journals, that Miss O'Neill, or Stephens, or Young, Kean, C. Kemble, Macready, Fawcett, Terry, Munden, Jones, Dowton, Johnstone, Emery, Liston, or indeed any of our principal ornaments to the stage, played such or such a character most admirably. Is it announced while they happen to be in London? they fly to see Belvidera, Mandane, Macbeth, Othello, Falconbridge, Menteroli, Job Thornberry, the Green Man, Periwinkle, Young Contrast, Captain Absolute, Dennis Brulgruddery, Tyke, or Tony Lumpkin, and never cast a glance towards the house where there are three first appearances, and a list of new people, who may indeed be far superior to any of those we have mentioned, only the public have not had time to find it out. In short, we believe that one half of nearly every audience consists of those who are moved by previous report to see something which they have been told is worth seeing. A sprinkling of novelty is required to break the sameness even of excellence; but this preponderance of novelty over established merit and fame, subverting all one's calculations as to what is to be beheld, and presenting scarcely one known face in the whole play, is injurious to the profession, and must be detrimental to any concern which adopts it.—To return to Drury Lane. We have no remarks to offer on Mr. Kean: should our purpose hold, we shall, by and by, devote a page of criticism to his performances. Mrs. Mackenzie was the Ophelia to his Hamlet, on Monday, and both parts were badly executed. Kean ought never to attempt Hamlet. Nature has set her barrier between him and success in that character, for which he has neither voice nor figure, and in which he has no opportunity of redeeming his defects by those bursts which draw down so much applause. Tapping his head like a woodpecker, will never portray the reflecting and philosophical

Prince of Denmark. We fear, from the manner in which Ophelia was acted, that her representative is not directed by a deep study of the art. Were this the case, she would display more equal talent; as it is; she is occasionally quite poor, and seems to be great only by imitation. We shall be glad to correct this opinion, if erroneous, which a few more examples will determine.

On the *Provoked Husband*, and the *Fashionable Lover*, attempted here, we shall not waste words. Whoever has seen the former play well acted, as in the older time, would be mortified at its burlesque at Drury Lane: the latter was never so strongly cast, but even in it the failure is lamentable.\*

COVENT GARDEN.—We have offered a few remarks on the performances of Mr. Farren in most of the characters in which he has appeared; and have generally had to commend his abilities. But we are more indebted to him than even for his clever acting, for his having, by his novelty and popularity, given a turn to the more frequent representation of good comedies. It was not that we might not have had these Comedies before Mr. Farren came among us.—Mr. Terry could have played all the parts, except Sir Bashful Constant, with equal merit,—but the *new* performer has given them *fashion*, which is perhaps more than any established performer could have done. We thank Mr. Farren for this, as well as for the entertainment which his talent produces. His Sir Anthony Absolute, in the *Rivals*, which we have not yet noticed, is very different from that of Dowton, and a very happy exertion. Taking the name, *Absolute*, as a criterion of the author's purpose in drawing the character, we are inclined to think that Dowton's excellence is pitched upon the points where Sheridan supposed the strength to lie, that is on the scenes where testy mulishness and unreasonable demands of subserviency are most prominent. Mr. Farren diffused his *vis comica* more over the whole; and by his felicitous mode of arguing with his son Jack, and of superintending his amour with Lydia, as well as his genuine and chaste humour throughout, made an impression on the audience alike favourable to their enjoyment and to his own reputation. Young's Falkland is stately, but interesting. Mr. Charles Kemble's Captain Absolute spirited and gentlemanly. Jones's Sir Lucius, though rather out of his usual line, better we imagine than we could obtain it from any other performer since Johnstone, to the astonishment of all lovers of the drama as well as of Mrs. Butler, has been lost to the stage. The female and more farcical characters were well cast, and Malaprop, Acres, Fag, and David, furnished their full

\* After all, we find that only four new performers are enlisted within the week—viz. Mr. Cowell, a gentleman (much wanted,) Mr. Yarnold, and (this day) Mr. C. Fisher.

quota of fun in Mrs. Davenport, Liston, Farley, and Emery.

On Monday, Miss O'Neill made her first appearance for the season in Belvidera: she was received with peals of applause, unanimous, and of long duration. The play suggested nothing for fresh observation.

On Tuesday and Wednesday this theatre presented a rich and various treat, comprising in each evening opera, comedy, and farce. The pieces were, the Barber of Seville, got up as an opera in two acts; The Miser, a comedy in three acts; and the farce of the Sleep-Walker. In the first, Mrs. Dickens was restored to the British stage as Rosina, after an absence of two years upon the Continent, where she has been acquiring both fame and science. We ought to premise that in this production, which is altogether admirably adapted, Mr. Bishop has greatly augmented his professional fame by the manner in which he has managed the introduction of the music of Paeiello and Rossini, with some original compositions of his own. It is no patched, inconsistent jumble, but a whole, of fine symmetry and extraordinary beauty. Mrs. Dickens had therefore fit and ample room for the display of her powers—powers which unquestionably rank her among the foremost of our native singers of any time. We do not, indeed, find in her voice those tones which fall with inexpressible sweetness upon the ear. It is not what we understand by melody. But in taste, brilliancy, skill, and execution, she is not surpassed. Her compass is very great, her shake firm and close; and her musical accuracy, to our discernment, perfect. Pyne (Fiorello) sang some of the exquisite airs with truth and feeling. In the humorous and lively parts, Jones's Count Almaviva was acted as if Beaumarchais had written the play on purpose for him; and we might have committed the anachronism of thinking so, but that Fawcett's Doctor Bartolo, and Liston's Figaro, would immediately put in the same pretensions, which we could not with justice resist. Blanchard as *Tullboy*, and Simmons as *Argus*, (rather novelties) added much to the rich cast of this most successful Opera.

In the *Miser*, Farren played *Lovegold*, and Mrs. Gibbs *Lappet*. The former even added to his comic laurels; and the latter did not lose one of her umbrageous wreath. We have not space to say more than that nothing of the kind can excel their performances. J. Russell, in the *Sleepwalker*, finished a night of as sterling amusement as a theatre may be thought capable of producing. Far superior to the Tumblers, who are gone without "the guineas!"

#### FOREIGN DRAMA.

ODEON.—SALLE FAVART.—*La Maison de Jeanne d'Arc*, a prose Comedy, in one act. This is one of those pieces in which the French audience are presented with the double treat of having their own national vanity flattered, and their disposition to de-



preciate the English cherished. It is founded on an anecdote which appeared a few weeks since in the newspapers, that an Englishman, settled at Dom-Remy, the native place of the celebrated Maid of Orleans, was excessively desirous of purchasing the house in which she was born, but its proprietor, an old soldier, would not dispose of it. The drama represents the Englishman as first tempting the Frenchman with large sums, which, being refused, he contrives to become an overwhelming creditor of Gerard, (the possessor of the house) in order to drive him, through distress, not only to part with it, but with his daughter Rose. The house is put up to sale, "but it never should be that a stranger acquired a property so dear to every French heart!" The Mayor of the village buys it in the name of the *Commune*. The Englishman determines to leave France, and Rose is married to the son of the Mayor. The odium heaped on the Englishman was so great, that even the audience disapproved of its *quantity*, and the writer reaped his desert in having his *bluette* hissed for overcharging national prejudices. The follies of either country are to either, as the follies of each are to itself, fair dramatic game; but the attempt to raise any serious ill-feeling between them, by representation on the stage, ought to be scouted alike in London and in Paris.

## VARIETIES.

## REMARKABLE DAYS.

(Errors corrected.)

[Omitted by mistake last week.]

To the Editor of the *Literary Gazette*.

Being a subscriber to your most valuable, pleasing, and instructive paper, when perusing the last week's Number at the breakfast-table, I discovered a gross error, or rather errors, under the head of *Remarkable Days*, which I think proper to notice, and if you deem the correction of them of sufficient importance to the public in general, it will please me much if you will kindly grant these observations a corner in your next Number.\* The erroneous passage runs thus:

"8th. The Jewish fast of *Rosh Hashonah*, to celebrate the return of the Jews from Babylon after the destruction of the first Temple."

Now, Sir, permit me first to say, that even the date is a mistake, for *Rosh Hashonah* happened to be this year on the 1st of October; secondly, that day is not a fast day, but the commemoration of the creation of the world, the date of which is now 5579, and is called New Year, as the words in the original indeed signify, for *ראש* *Rosh*, is *beginning*, or *first*, and *שנה* *Shonah*, year; the other character, viz.

\*As our only object is to disseminate truth and accurate information, it affords us pleasure to acknowledge and correct even our own errors, among which, however, the present do not rank.

EDITOR.

ת *ha* before the word *שנה*, or that noun, stands for *the*, the definite article, and as that holiday is observed *two* days, it would really be a hard task to fast (for the Jewish fast days differ from those of all other nations, as the former strictly abstain for twenty-four hours, long or shorter, from either eating or drinking of any kind;) and moreover, does not the Bible in the English language sufficiently point out *that* holiday? does it say even *one word* about fasting? the *only fast* the scripture mentions is the *day of atonement*, in the Hebrew called *יום הכפור*, and which will be observed this year on the 9th of October, from six o'clock in the evening until six of the 10th of the evening. From this it follows, that the above holiday is to celebrate quite a different thing from what is said in the *Literary Gazette*, and has not the least connexion with the return of the Jews from Babylon.

I am, Sir, your obedient Servant,

AD ISRAELITE,

and lover of Hebrew Literature.

Marchmont Street, Burton Crescent,

October 6, 1818.

SIGNOR BELZONI.—It is stated that Signor Belzoni, of whom such honourable mention was made in only our last Number but one, and from whose researches so much was anticipated, died lately at Cairo. From the account given of him in the *Quarterly Review*, we may presume that it will be very difficult to repair his loss. Yet we trust, under the present circumstances of Egypt and Nubia, that neither time will be wasted nor exertion spared, to realize the hopes held out by Belzoni, and to augment our stock of knowledge with regard to some of the earliest works of mankind in a social state of which we can trace the existence.

It seems, after all, that the imaginary sea-serpent of the American Captain Rich was a Tunny!!

We have sometimes smiled at the peremptory notice in the Covent Garden play-bills, "*Not an order can be admitted*;" as it might save repetition to intimate that "not an order should be given." But the Paris Theatre des Variétés in one of its *annonces* has outdone our London house, for it declares that "not a free person shall be allowed to enter;" to which a wag adds, "even if they pay."

Petersburgh, August 26.—The Imperial Economical Society of St. Petersburg has proposed the following questions and prizes for the years 1818 and 1819:—The Gold Medal of 50 ducats value, for the discovery in Finland, of the substance called 'Kuolin,' fit for the fabrication of porcelain or 'China.'—For a method of refining sugar without bullocks' blood, a Gold Medal of 20 ducats.

MM. Biot and Arago, Members of the Institute, and the Bureau of Longitude, are gone to Dunkirk, where they intend, in concert with several English philosophers,

to terminate their astronomical observations for the measurement of the Earth.—*French paper.*

ROMAN REMAINS.—A fortnight ago, as some workmen were digging in a gravel pit, about half a mile south-west of York, and not far from Holgate, they discovered several human skeletons, without any coffins, some of which were at the depth of six feet, and others about four feet from the surface of the earth. One of the skeletons seemed to be that of a female, the bones being much smaller than the others, and there being round the wrist of one of the arms a curious plated bracelet, with a pair of silver earrings lying not far from the skull. Of three small brass coins, found at the same time, two are of Constantine and one of Crispus, all in good preservation. It is highly probable that the men (who are still at work in the same field) will make further discoveries.

RURAL ECONOMY.—Lieutenant John Couch, R.N. has tried many experiments on the parsnip and carrot root, and finds that they afford as nutritious a beverage as malt, if cultivated, and harvested in the following manner:—Instead of the common method of sowing the seeds in February and March, he proposes to sow them from the beginning of June to the middle of August, and early in the following summer to dig them up and harvest them, by first splitting their roots from the crown for about three-fourths of their length, and then hang them on lines, or lay them on straw, under cover in the shade, till they are thoroughly dry. One acre of good ground will produce about fifteen tons of either of these roots, which, when divested of their tops and dried, will weigh four tons and a half; these four tons and a half will contain from 2,500 to 2,700 pounds of fermentative saccharine extract. And he further adds, that these roots, thus harvested, are a most excellent and nutritious substitute for hay in unfavourable seasons. In order to use these dry roots for brewing, he recommends them to be ground, and treated in every respect as malt.—*New Monthly Mag.*

## METEOROLOGICAL JOURNAL.

## OCTOBER.

Thursday, 8.—Thermometer from 34 to 55.

Barometer from 29.97 to 30.03.

Wind N. and N.W. 4.—Morning foggy; the rest of the day generally clear.

Friday, 9.—Thermometer from 31 to 59.

Barometer from 30.03 to 30.30.

Wind N. and S.W. 4.—Morning cloudy; the rest of the day generally clear.

Saturday, 10.—Thermometer from 39 to 61.

Barometer from 29.89 to 29.78.

Wind S. and S.W. 1.—Generally cloudy.

Sunday, 11.—Thermometer from 55 to 62.

Barometer from 29.76 to 29.68.

Wind S.W. and S. 3.—Generally rainy.

Monday, 12.—Thermometer from 43 to 60.

Barometer from 29.90 to 30.06.

Wind S.W. 1.—Generally cloudy.

Rain fallen, 325 of an inch.

Tuesday, 13.—Thermometer from 39 to 63.

Barometer from 30, 05 to 30, 10.

Wind SbE. and S4.—Morning cloudy, with a little rain; afternoon and evening clear.

Wednesday, 14.—Thermometer from 45 to 69.

Barometer from 30, 19 to 30, 16.

Wind SW. 1.—Morning foggy, the rest of the day clear.

On Sunday, October 25th, at 6 hours 45 minutes 43 seconds, clock time, the first Satellite of Jupiter will emerge from an eclipse,  
Edmonton, Middlesex. JOHN ADAMS.

### TO CORRESPONDENTS.

We must beg our Correspondents not to require answers through the Literary Gazette, when it can be avoided. These individual notices occurring every week, encroach too much on the space which belongs to the general reader.

\* \* Owing to some accident, we are disappointed in the third of the Sketches from Dover Castle, this week.

ERRATA.—In our last, p. 649, middle col. line 6, for "Meat" read "Meat;" p. 653, Drury Lane Meeting, line 4, after "persons" insert "for the General Committee;" line 12, dele "it"; line 18, after "Douglas" insert "Kinnaird"; and a little lower down, for "unhappily" read "unhappily."

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

On Thursday, October 1, was published,  
**BLACKWOOD'S EDINBURGH MAGAZINE.**  
No. XVIII. for September 1818.

Contents:—Observations on Madame de Staël's Posthumous Works—Some Remarks on the Use of the Freneternal in Works of Fiction—Selections from Athenæus—David Hume charged by Mr. Coleridge with Plagiarism from Aquinas—Remarks on Mr. Macvey Napier's Essay on the Scope and Influence of Lord Bacon's Writings—The Minstrel of Bruges—History of the Bernacle and Macrause—Christian Wolf, a True Story. From the German—Letter to the Rev. Professor Laugher, occasioned by his Writings in the Konigsberg Review. (By the Baron Von Lauerwinkle)—Summary View of the Statistics and existing Commerce of the Principal Shores of the Pacific Ocean—On the Influence of the Love of Fame on Genius—Story of an Apparition—Of a National Character in Literature—Remarks, by the Editor of the History of Renfrewshire, on the Letter from Mr. J. R. to Sir Henry Stewart, of Allanton, Bart.—State of Parties, and the Edinburgh Review—Literary and Scientific Intelligence—Monthly Register, &c. &c.

Printed for John Murray, Albemarle Street, London; and William Blackwood, 17, Prince's Street, Edinburgh.

**PORTRAIT OF WILLIAM GIFFORD, Esq.** The public are respectfully informed, that the NEW MONTHLY MAGAZINE, of October 1, price 2s. contains a fine Portrait (accompanied by an interesting Memoir) of W. Gifford, Esq. the Editor of the Quarterly Review. The Proprietor of this Miscellany has much satisfaction in stating, that an accession of talent has lately been obtained that will give extraordinary variety and vigour to its pages; and that every Number will in future be embellished with a Portrait of some distinguished Character, or other Engraving, without any addition to the price, or reduction in quantity; each Number comprehending as usual a portion of matter exceeding an ordinary octavo volume of 300 pages.

Orders are received by every Bookseller, Stationer, and Newsmen, throughout the Kingdom. Those who may be desirous of sending it to friends and relatives abroad, to whom it must prove a most desirable present, may also have it regularly transmitted by giving orders and making a payment of 6s. 6s. per annum to any Local Postmaster.

Printed for Henry Colburn, Conduit Street, to whom communications for the Editor are requested to be addressed free of expense.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

This Day was published, in 1 vol. embellished with several Wood Cuts from designs by Thurston, price 2s. 6d. boards.

**WOMAN; a POEM.** By EATON STANNARD BARRETT, Esq. Author of "The Heroine."

Forsake her not, and she shall preserve thee;  
Love her, and she shall keep thee;  
Exalt her, and she shall promote thee.

"Mr. Barrett has evinced both talent and genius in his little Poem, and sustained a flight far above the common level. Some passages of it, and those not a few, are of the first order of the pathetic and descriptive."

Quarterly Review, September.

Printed for Henry Colburn, Conduit Street.

This Day was published, the 4th Edition, in 3 vols. 8vo. Price 24s.

**FRANCE.** By LADY MORGAN.

Author of the 'Wild Irish Girl, O'Donnel,' &c.

Chaque jour de ma Vie, est en feu dans mon Livre.

Thomas.

The Journal de Paris makes the following remarks on this spirited and amusing Work:—

Lady Morgan has been-run after, entertained, and almost worshipped, in all our fashionable circles. She has studied us from head to foot, from the court to the village, from the boudoir to the kitchen.

Peasants, Noblemen, Duchesses, Citizens' Wives, Priests, Soldiers, Royalists, Ultras, Constitutionals, both of the year 1789 and 1816, Children of the Revolution, Eulogizers of former times, Authors, Players, Painters, Musicians, Poets, Dancers, Gormandizers, Mendicants, Promenaders, Parasites, Valets de Chambre, Footmen, Nurses, Frequenters of the Theatres, Auditors of the Institute; no individual has escaped the notice of Lady Morgan. She has seen, observed, analyzed, and described every thing, men and things, speeches and characters.

Printed for Henry Colburn, Conduit Street.

### Popular Novels.

Lately published, by Henry Colburn, Conduit Street, and sold by Bell and Bradfute, Edinburgh, and John Cumming, Dublin.

**TALES OF WONDER, OF HUMOUR, and of SENTIMENT.** By ANNE and ANNABELLA PLUMPTRE. 3 Vols. 11. 16. Containing, Zella, or the Way to be Happy; the Watercock; the Magic Dollar; the Spectre of Presburg; the Fair of Beaucaire; Tsching-Quang; the Family of Valencia; Fanny; Omar and Zemida; and Philosophy and Love.

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3. *The Heroine, or Adventures of a fair Romance Reader.* By E. S. Barrett, Esq. 3d Edition. 3 vols. 18s.

4. *Glenarvon!!!* 4th Edit. 3 vols. 11. 4s.

5. *Adolphe.* By M. B. De Constant, 7s. Ditto, French.

6. *O'Donnel, a National Tale.* By Lady Morgan. 3d Edition. 3 vols. 11. 1s.

7. *Rhoda.* By the ingenious Author of Plain Sense, and Things by their Right Names. 4 vols. 11. 8s.

8. *Edgar, a National Tale.* By Miss Appleton. 3 vols. 21s.

9. *Tales of Fancy.* By Miss Burney. 7s. 6d. Also, by the same Author, Traits of Nature, 4 vols. 11. 2s.—Clarendon, 3 vols. 11. 1s.

In the Press.

*Florence Macarthy.* By Lady Morgan. 4 vols.

### NEW PUBLICATIONS.

This Day is published, in 1 vol. 8vo. price 2s. 6d.  
**MEMOIRS of COUNT DE LAS CASES,** the companion of Napoleon. Communicated by Himself. Comprising his Select Correspondence with Lucien Buonaparte, discovered by Sir Hudson Lowe, containing a Narrative of the Voyage to and Residence at St. Helena, their manner of living, and the treatment they experienced, with an Appendix containing a Letter of Count Las Cases to Lord Bathurst, written from Frankfort. The whole now first published from the original MSS.

Printed for Henry Colburn, Conduit Street.

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